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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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Literary Guild members had an advance preview of *The Arrangement* months before publication. Those who wanted it received it at the special Guild price of \$3.50 instead of the publisher's edition price of \$6.95. This is typical of the savings Guild members enjoy on every book they want—guaranteed savings of 40% to 80% from the prices of the publishers' editions.

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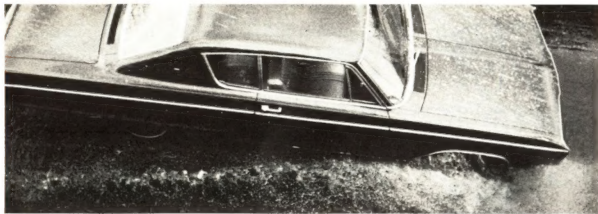
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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 21

THE LEARNING PROCESS (NBC, 9-10 p.m.) Bob Hope turns over his usual spot to a news special on U.S. education. Correspondent Edwin Newman explores the use of games, computers and the new math in today's schools, and interviews five pioneers in advanced teaching techniques. Among them: Dr. Robert Davis, father of the new math, and Dr. Donald Bitzer, proponent of learning by computer.

Thursday, June 22

DISSENT—OR TREASON? (ABC, 10-11 p.m.) Dr. John Blum, chairman of Yale's history department, reviews the anti-Viet-Nam-war movement in the U.S. Film clips of demonstrations and talks with the protesters—plus interviews with some decidedly pro-Viet Nam G.I.s in the field to give the other side of the argument.

THE DEAN MARTIN SUMMER SHOW WITH YOUR HOST VIC DAMONE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.) Vic Damone and Carol Lawrence substitute for Dean Martin, welcoming George Jessel and Don Cherry as the first of the summer variety-show guests.

Friday, June 23

TWIGGY: WHY? (ABC, 8-9 p.m.) Marshall McLuhan, Eugenia Sheppard, British Fashion Photographer David Bailey and others comment on the Twiggy phenomenon in Britain and the U.S. Film clips of her recent capers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Saturday, June 24

CLEVELAND OPEN INVITATIONAL (ABC, 4-5 p.m.) Golf's touring pros go after another moneybag from the ever-growing treasury—this one worth \$103,500. Live from Cleveland's Aurora Country Club, with final round 4:30-6 p.m. on Sunday.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:45 p.m.) The pride and pressures of flying for the U.S. Strategic Air Command in *A Gathering of Eagles* (1963), starring Rock Hudson, Rod Taylor, Mary Peach and Barry Sullivan.

Sunday, June 25

LOOK UP AND LIVE (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.) Part 2 of "Aging in America" highlights some of the constructive and fulfilling ways in which older people spend their time and talents.

DISCOVERY '87 (ABC, 11:30 a.m. to 12 noon). Kukla, Ollie and Beulah Witch take a tour of swinging London, with stops at Carnaby Street, Portobello Road and Piccadilly.

SOCCER GAME OF THE WEEK (CBS, 2:30-4:30 p.m.) The Chicago Stars v. the Philadelphia Spartans in Philadelphia.

THE ABC SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.) Kim Novak and Laurence Harvey in *Of Human Bondage* (1964). Somerset Maugham's classic story of unrequited love in Edwardian England.

A CBS NEWS INQUIRY: THE WARREN REPORT (CBS, 10-11 p.m.) The first of three hour-long studies of the controversy that still rages around the official verdict on President Kennedy's assassination. Walter Cronkite and a team of correspondents attempt to answer some of the crucial

© All times E.D.T.

questions: One assassin? One bullet? A conspiracy?

Tuesday, June 27

TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.) Don Murray, Inger Stevens, Barry Nelson and Fritz Weaver are featured in *The Burglar's Stick* (1967), the story of a crime syndicate's scheme to invade big business.

NET PLAYHOUSE (shown on Fridays). "The Victorians: The Rent Day," first in a series of one-hour plays reflecting life in 19th century England.

NET JOURNAL (shown on Mondays). "Two Views: A Canadian-American Student Debate," a taped discussion of the war in Viet Nam as seen from opposite sides of the border. Although no formal sides were drawn initially, the U.S. students wind up taking an antiwar stand while the Canadians found themselves advocating U.S. involvement.

THEATER

On Broadway

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING. Four playlets poke fun at man's desires and taboos in the pursuit of sex. Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart and George Grizzard project all the poignancy and lunacy of Robert Anderson's characters.

BLACK COMEDY is not, as its title suggests, a play about civil rights or a comedy of black humor. It is as unsubtle and vaudevillian as a slip on a banana peel or a pie in the face—and just as much fun.

THE HOMECOMING springs traps and surprises on its audience, catching it up in the controversy of the season as to its validity, intent and meaning. The Royal Shakespeare Company gives Harold Pinter's drama a spellbinding presentation.

Off Broadway

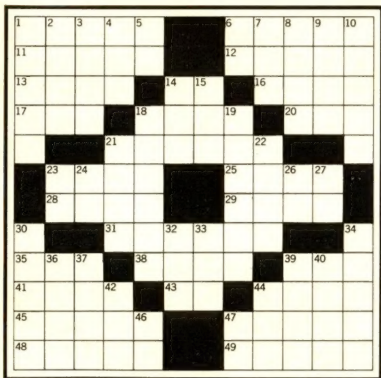
THE COACH WITH THE SIX INSIDES is a kaleidoscopic view of *Finnegans Wake* expressed in dance and drama and some of the more devilish passages of Joycean imagery. Jean Erdman conceived and directed this bright entertainment.

RECORDS

Opera

WAGNER, TRISTAN AND ISOLDE (5 LPs; Deutsche Grammophon). Just as the lovers sing in darkest *Liebesnacht* of the light that shines within them, this recording illuminates Wagner's murky masterpiece. Taped live at Bayreuth last summer, it is by far the best interpretation yet. Most of the credit goes to Karl Böhm, who brings out all the opera's passion and eroticism without tripping over its technical difficulties. The tempos are strong, the melodic and thematic lines always clear—all of which supports the singers and frees them to pour their strength into vocal characterization. In the seven years since her first recording of the role, Birgit Nilsson has deepened her Isolde; her vocal performance, from the brilliant high C's to the obelisk low A's, is matchless. Wolfgang Windgassen excels as Tristan, particularly in the third act when his ravings take on a pathetic humanity. For those who care only about Isolde, Kirsten Flag-

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1. Rabbit or knockout
6. Florida city
11. Hollywood statue
12. Command
13. Man's first name, Ponce's last name
14. The spirit of_____.
16. Kiss Me_____.
17. Printed persuaders
18. Couples

DOWN

20. Non-women
21. Railway stations
23. Sherlock Holmes' Baker St. address
25. Girl's name
28. How many Arabian nights?
29. Metal
31. Bends over
35. A limb
38. Hurt
39. Female deer

41. To judge
43. LXX
44. The Jones and the Sawyer boy
45. Mr. Stevenson
47. A flat cap for men or women
48. Cowboy circus
49. Baked, lima, or jelly_____.

DOWN

1. White bear
2. Second-hand
3. Sergeants
4. Tin container
5. Sixty minutes (Abbr.)
6. U. S. State (Abbr.)
7. Annoy
8. First man
9. To allot
10. Girl's name
14. Soft drink
15. Into the valley of death rode the_____.
18. Entries of debt
19. Privates have one
21. God (Spanish)
22. Gentlemen
23. Voting age
24. XX
26. Preposition
27. In grammar, an article
30. Electronic eye
32. Killer's license number
33. Gold (Spanish)
34. Lies down
36. Do over
37. Canasta term
39. The dumb girl
40. A portent
42. Girl's name
44. Golf term
46. Downing St. address
47. Ammunition for toy gun

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MOTOR INNS

stad's burnished, womanly performance (London) is still best; for Wagner's total creation, Böhm and Bayreuth are supreme.

ROSSINI: SEMIRAMIDE (3 LPs; London). The opera makes almost insuperable demands on the voices and musicianship of the singers, especially the two sopranos, but in this performance Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne are equal to the task. In the early scenes, Sutherland's voice has a rather thick, clotted quality that soon clears up. Horne is superb throughout. For aficionados of *bel canto* and tortuous vocal ornamentations, this recording is a major event, owing in no small part to Bonyage's intelligent handling of the text and the London Symphony.

PROKOFIEV: WAR AND PEACE (3 LPs; Heliodor). Tolstoy's epic is not the easiest assignment in operatic composing, but by concentrating on the love story of Prince Andrei and Natasha, and Kuturov's defeat of Napoleon, Prokofiev has done a surprisingly effective job. Instead of beginning with a big party scene, he shrewdly chooses a tender picture of longing and rebirth when Andrei hears Natasha and Sonya on their balcony. The composer has written the girls a soprano duet that recalls Strauss's lyricism. Here and elsewhere, the voices of Radmila Vasovic Bokacevic and Biserka Cveje are nicely matched. Among the male singers, Dusan Popovic as Andrei stands out as having a visceral knowledge not only of Prokofiev's music but of every shading of Tolstoy's complex character. Werner Janssen leads the Vienna Opera Orchestra in a well-integrated performance.

SHOSTAKOVICH, KATERINA ISMAILOVA (3 LPs; Melodiv-Angel). This opera cost its composer considerable grief; shortly after he wrote it he was denounced by the Soviets for bourgeois intentions and vulgar execution. It is a brash work; at times openly satirical, at others tragically serious. The plot, based on Nikolai Leskov's story, *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk District*, tells of a frustrated wife who eventually destroys the men around her. All the characters are thoroughly unsympathetic. The recording, part of Capitol's new import of Russian phonography, is disappointing. As the wife, Niconora Andreyeva has spirited dramatic presence, but vocally she is insecure. Tenor Vyacheslav Radzievsky, as her husband, has a thin, weary voice, possibly because he forces it at top volume no matter what the circumstances. The many supporting roles are also sung unevenly, with the emphasis on dramatic display rather than well-placed singing.

CINEMA

THE DRIFTER. Inventive, impressionistic camera work and a memorable score tell a story as thin and fragile as a seashell about a vagabond hitchhiker.

THE WAR WAGON. This standard western has style and gusto, thanks to Old Pros John Wayne and Kirk Douglas and the taut direction of Burt Kennedy.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. Playwright Neil Simon has adapted his boffo Broadway comedy to the screen with no loss of humor, largely owing to the retention of Original Cast Members Robert Redford and Mildred Natwick and the canny addition of Jane Fonda.

A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN. Walter Matthau is the man and Bobby Morse is his guide through the intricacies of adultery—with a fine collection of comics (among them: Jack Benny, Lucille Ball,

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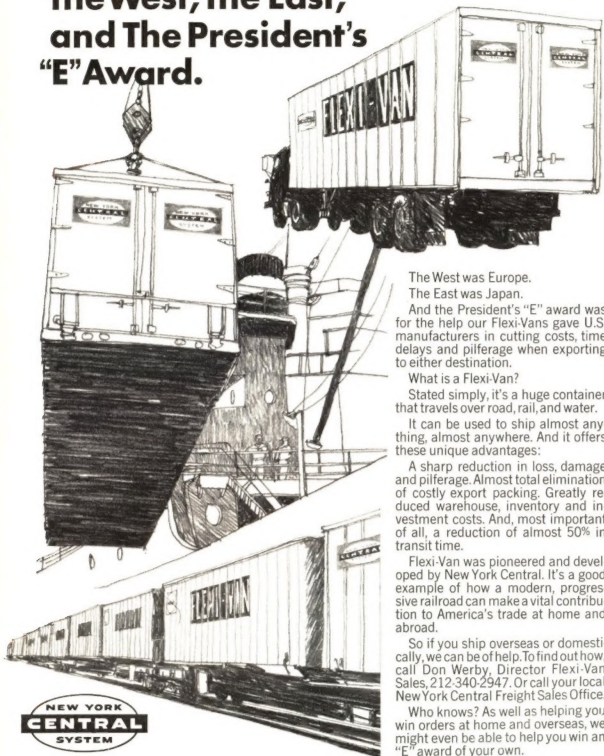
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Joey Bishop) contributing cameo illustrations to the lecture.

THE HONEY POT. Rex Harrison plays a voluptuary who lives a *vita* that is incredibly *dolce* until Director Joseph Mankiewicz's sourly satirical plot takes over.

MADE IN ITALY. Anna Magnani, Alberto Sordi, Virna Lisi and Catherine Spaak are among the stars of this mosaic of modern Italy that blends humor, irony and pathos.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE NEW FACE OF BUDDHA, by Jerrold Schecter. The first comprehensive, country-by-country analysis of modern Buddhism's entry into the political arena discusses the attempt of militant monks to cope with the conflict between tradition and transition in Asian life.

THE DIFFICULTY OF BEING, by Jean Cocteau. Autobiographical jottings of the Frenchman who enjoyed playing the flamboyant artist but who preserved for books and movies his creative fires.

THE HORRORS OF LOVE, by Jean Dutourd. Using an ill-fated May-to-December romance, Satirist Dutourd skillfully and venomously explores the French character.

ALL MEN ARE LONELY NOW, by Francis Clifford. The author is the latest practitioner of the *le Carré* school of thriller writing, and he offers a properly murky plot and even clauder characters.

RICHARD STRAUSS: THE LIFE OF A NON-HERO, by George R. Marek. The great romantic composer is viewed amidst a vivid evocation of cultural life in Germany—whose decay and upheaval after World War I, argues the author, was the cause of Strauss's disappointing later output.

SNOW WHITE, by Donald Barthelme. Snow White and her seven dwarfish accomplices suffer through the complexities of contemporary life in a witty and wild retelling of the old fairy story.

BATTLES IN THE MOONSOON, by S.L.A. Marshall. A rapid-fire account of a summer's campaigning in the Central Highlands of Viet Nam, this book by Brigadier General "Slam" Marshall brings the red visage of war into close-up focus.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (1 last week)
2. *Washington, D.C.*, Vidal (3)
3. *The Eighth Day*, Wilder (2)
4. *The Plot*, Wallace
5. *Tales of Manhattan*, Auchincloss (5)
6. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (8)
7. *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, Crichton (4)
8. *Capable of Honor*, Drury (7)
9. *The Chosen*, Potok (9)
10. *Fathers*, Gold (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The Death of a President*, Manchester (1)
2. *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell* (2)
3. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (3)
4. *Madame Sorah*, Skinner (4)
5. *Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet*, Stearn (5)
6. *Games People Play*, Berne (6)
7. *Treblicka*, Steiner (10)
8. *By-Line: Ernest Hemingway*, White, ed.
9. *Paper Lion*, Plimpton (8)
10. *Disraeli*, Blake (7)



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LETTERS

The Man & the Papyrus Tiger

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LISA ALLOU

Napa, Calif.

Sir: Neither the U.N. nor any great power has the right to dictate the peace to a victorious Israel. The spineless withdrawal of U.N. troops was in large part responsible for the conflict, as was Russia's arming of Egypt and Syria. The U.S., whose foreign policy has made a sacred cow out of the status quo everywhere in the world, did little to help Israel. Those who think the Arab-Israeli confrontation is over are living in a dream world. Nasser will be back. Syria will be back. And if Israel has a right to exist, it also has the right to the means to continue that existence.

JOSEPH W. MOSSIER

Monte Carlo

Sir: The U.S. position in the Middle East crisis is less than laudable. "Neutrality in thought, word and deed" when the tiny land of Israel was threatened with annihilation by the collective armies of 14 nations will not be regarded as neutrality by future historians.

DAVID SHANDLER, M.D.

Denver

Sir: The perennial Middle East threat to the peace re-emphasizes the need for a permanent solution to control of key international waterways. The Suez Canal and the Gulf of Aqaba should be internationalized under irrevocable U.N. control. The world cannot permit Nasser to use those shipping lanes as instruments of national policy, to be turned on or off at will. Although Nasser wished to be the hero of a holy war of annihilation of Israel, the would-be tiger of the Nile has now earned the title of Papyrus Tiger.

SAMUEL B. RUSSELL

Reading, Pa.

Sir: Your Mid-east coverage illustrates the ineffectiveness of the U.N. as a peace-keeper. U. Thant's wishy-washy attempt to discuss the issue with Nasser, his pulling out of troops and the pointless speeches by delegates show the urgent need for reform.

MICHAEL J. FLYNN

Orinda, Calif.

Sir: I am not a Jew, nor am I an Arab. I am an American who views the develop-

ments in the Middle East with not a little irritation. Is anyone insane enough to believe that tiny Israel would provoke war against the military might of the entire United Arab Republic? Come now! Let's dispense with diplomatic doubletalk. We all know who provoked this war. We all know why, we all know the outcome.

JOE WALDMAN

Columbus, Ohio

Sir: If the U.S. is going to be a force for peace in the Middle East, we must include with our sympathy for the Zionists a certain empathy for the Arabs. Americans find it hard to see why the Arabs persist in not recognizing Israel. But Americans would do well to remember that the U.S. refuses to recognize the governments of China and East Germany, which are permanent realities just as Israel is.

JAY A. EKMAN

Union Theological Seminary
Manhattan

Sir: While in the Middle East last winter, I fell in love with the Jordanians most of all. But today my hat's off to Israel. What a tableau! Here it stood, tiny and alone, cursed and menaced on every border by 14 scowling enemies. Yet today—"how are the mighty fallen!" But beginning with Abraham himself, Jewish history is replete with amazing exploits like this. Guts and stamina—the Israelis have them. Hail!

DAVID M. CAMPBELL

San Diego

Seeds of Doubt

Sir: About the story on the anti-ballistic missile [May 26]: No one denies that an ABM system would stop only a fraction of incoming warheads—no defense of any kind in any war has ever been 100% effective. The idea is to sow enough doubt, uncertainty and expense into the plans of the enemy to deter him from striking. The daring technical innovations of high X-ray yield and terminal interception pioneered by the Soviets point the way to a viable ABM defense. Let's build one.

NORMAN G. LOPPER

Lieutenant, U.S.N.

St. Paul

Time Payments & Taxes

Sir: In "Schools Yes, Taxes No" [June 2], you point out that rejection of school budgets and bond issues is the only avenue left to the frustrated taxpayer to express his protest. I take exception, how-

ever, to the notion that the cure for the school-funding problem lies in removing it from voter control; instead, the voter has every right to exercise as much control over other spenders of his tax dollars as he does over the schools.

The solution lies outside the educational sphere: reforms in taxation (moving away from a property to an income base) and in voter control over other public works promise better ultimate solutions than further centralization at state or federal level.

MARTIN S. HARRIS, JR.

Educational Consulting Services
Brandon, Vt.

Sir: Could the reason for the defeat at the polls of so many school budgets? Spending gets tighter and tighter with time payments on color TV, car, dishwasher, and "too much house" for the breadwinner's income. By that time, who can afford higher taxes for such incidentals as police protection and education?

VIRGINIA G. PONTIUS

Chester, N.J.

Execution Log

Sir: As one of 17 reporters who watched while Luis José Monge [June 9] choked to death in the Colorado gas chamber, I take issue with your statement that "five seconds after a pound of cyanide gases had been dropped into the vat of acid beneath his chair, he was unconscious."

The public likes to believe that unconsciousness is almost instantaneous, but the facts belie this. According to the official execution log, unconsciousness came more than five minutes after the cyanide splashed down into the sulfuric acid. And to those of us who watched, this five-minute interlude seemed interminable. Even after unconsciousness is declared officially, the prisoner's body continues to fight for life. He coughs and groans. The lips make little pouting motions resembling the motions made by a goldfish in his bowl. The head strains backward and then slowly sinks down to the chest. And, in Monge's case, the arms, although tightly bound to the chair, strained at the straps, and the hands clawed tortuously, as if the prisoner were struggling for air.

Any account that leads readers to believe that death comes quickly, painlessly, almost pleasantly, is less than accurate. Send your reporter to cover a legal assassination sometime.

CARY P. STEHL

Denver

Straight Talk

The excellent Essay "On Teaching Children About Sex" [June 9] leaves out one important point, the responsibility of every potential parent to the "innocent conceptus." Let there be taught a bill of rights for every newborn child: the right 1) to be legitimate; 2) to inherit from both parents a genetic endowment of reasonably good mental and physical health; 3) to be nourished in the uterus by a mother who has not had a damaging illness such as rubella in early pregnancy or taken damaging drugs; 4) to be fed, clothed and protected from birth through adolescence; 5) to be wanted by two parents able and eager to cherish and to give the love and guidance every child needs.

ARTHUR B. DAYTON

Hamden, Conn.

Sir: Dr. Guttmacher's advice on having an affair makes sense and is the kind of

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Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



EVERY MANAGER AGREES that planning is one of his prime functions. Most can point with pride to their annual, 5-year, or even longer-range plans. But there is often a human tendency, especially in younger men, to consider long-range planning something of an abstraction. It only becomes real when they can be shown that the steps necessary to implement even the simplest plans often have far-reaching effects on a company.

For example, about two years ago our Valve Division foresaw the changes coming in commercial nuclear power plants and decided to build the bigger valves this market would need. Sounds simple enough, but this decision had impact throughout the whole division. First, we had to accelerate the development of the valves themselves. Then we had to look for ways to open and close them faster, which led to additional research into hydraulic actuators by our R & D people. Looking ahead, we realized we would need more sales and service personnel with the technical orientation necessary to properly serve the nuclear power market.

At our plants, we re-evaluated the equipment and people needed to turn out the larger nuclear valves. Production planning was facilitated by a newly installed materials manager system. By coordinating the work of purchasing, production, warehousing and traffic specialists—and data processing equipment—these managers have made it possible to develop new products like nuclear valves with a minimum buildup of plant inventories.

So, carrying out this plan to serve the nuclear power market has created waves that have run through the whole division. And the new responsiveness now built into production facilities will lead to further changes in its marketing tactics, and so on. Makes the act of planning a little less abstract when managers know it will affect even the kinds of lathes we buy—and the kind of men we'll hire to run them.

For nine years now, our Taximeter Division has sponsored a Public Service Awards program to honor taxi drivers and their frequently unsung acts of courage and selflessness. Most of the nominations for these Awards have come from private citizens, many of whom directly benefited from the heroism or kindness of the drivers. The 1966 winner, named recently, is a cab driver from Rochester, New York, who carried two children from a flaming boarding house and reentered the building to arouse 10 other occupants. Four other drivers received runner-up awards and honor citations.

One of the most dramatic "finds" of gas in recent years was under the North Sea. In the amazingly short time of 18 months, this field is now delivering the first natural gas to the British Isles through a 45-mile under-sea pipeline. Full scale deliveries are slated for July 1. Two Rockwell Hi-Flow gas regulators are installed where the pipeline comes ashore and will be the prime control on incoming pressures and volumes.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

talk kids listen to, no matter how "alarming" parents may find it. If more teachers talked straight instead of saying what they think parents would like to hear, there would be fewer "one-night stands" and unwanted pregnancies. Rules, such as "sex before marriage is bad," cannot be made; we must decide for ourselves.

LISA LEVALLY

Chicago

Sir: Often the only sex education many of us teenagers get is from what our pals tell us or from what we read in *The Carpetbaggers*. It's about time parents and teachers woke up to their responsibility to ward us in this matter.

CHRISTOPHER A. BATES

Auckland, N.Z.

Sir: When our daughter arrived, we assumed that her sex education was our privilege and responsibility, one we gladly accepted. Now, in order to make ours her first introduction to sex, we must begin at the age of 3½, with frank facts rather than "icky imagery." As a former teacher who realizes that not every educator is equipped to handle this topic, I resent the schools' intrusion.

SUSAN TEMPLETON ART

Boise, Idaho

Sir: Based on two years' study by a citizens advisory council, the Northern San Joaquin Valley Supplementary Education Center developed a proposal for preparing programmed learning materials for sixth-, eighth- and tenth-grade students. Each student will get individual instruction through a self-teaching device including a recorded presentation, slides or a film strip and programmed text.

Because most teachers are no better prepared than most parents to provide sex education, the teacher's responsibility will be limited to the supervision of the students' use of the teaching devices. Parents will be encouraged to continue discussion at home, and experts will be used for individual counseling.

ROGER W. CHAPMAN

BRIAN DORROW

Stockton, Calif.

To Kill a Flea

Sir: For years as a schoolmaster, I've been curing hiccups (June 2) in the schoolroom by frightening the sufferer. I suppose a visit to the operating table, or the introduction of a catheter, is as good for frightening the sufferer as is the bang of a desk lid. But why such sledgehammer methods to kill a flea of a complaint?

I. RAYBURN-HUGHES

Ipswich, England

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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A letter from
the
PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

"I AM not sure the subject is being taught today at any major American university. I am speaking of the ability to be wrong."

That ability and how to achieve it were the theme of a commencement address delivered by Editor in Chief Hedley Donovan, a trustee of New York University, to N.Y.U.'s graduating class. It is not, Donovan admitted, an easy subject to master: "All it takes is courage, honesty, self-respect, grace—and sometimes a sense of humor helps."

Perhaps a year or two from now, suggested Donovan, it will become clear whether the U.S. policy in Viet Nam will ultimately fail or succeed. Either outcome will bring about "a kind of crisis of integrity in which powerful and influential people will have to consider the possibility of saying out loud that they were wrong. Many of them have never tried it before, and it would not come easy to them. But if they cannot bring themselves to it, I think the American intellectual climate and the whole tone of our politics could be embittered for years."

"Journalists have never been notoriously eager to acknowledge their mistakes," said Donovan. "Many have perfected a smooth way of taking a new position without ever noting that they once held quite the opposite view." As for professors, "surely everyone would agree that the people who should be first and frankest in admitting error would be the academic intellectuals, with their totally disinterested dedication to free inquiry. But the recent record is not reassuring. Perhaps it will be this generation of university graduates, your generation, that could teach Americans how to be wrong."

"I know many students have felt deeply, and spoken up strongly, on Viet Nam. Some of you will turn out to have been wrong. It is in the



DONOVAN AT COMMENCEMENT

way you react to that moment. I suggest, that you will get a chance to take another stand—in behalf of a mature and civilized style of public life in America. How to be *right* is something of an art, too, and some of you will get a chance to show your skill at that, when the Viet Nam results are finally in. How to be *right* in ways that make it a little easier for the people who were wrong to decide that they were wrong, and make it easier for all of us to turn together to a fresh agenda.

"Looking ahead to that time, we might perhaps begin even now, without in any way restricting the Viet Nam debate, to let a certain measure of modesty and generosity into the dialogue. As to what will or won't work in Viet Nam, we might begin by admitting that we are all to some extent guessing. Nothing is guaranteed. So far as the morality of the policy is concerned, we might do well to credit all parties to the debate with decent motives and a normal sense of human compassion.

"The incredibly audacious thing that a few million people in South Viet Nam—and we Americans—are trying to do, is to defend not so much a nation as the possibility that South Viet Nam can become a nation. It's a very tough proposition. We may fail. If so I hope that I, as one who has supported the policy, will be prompt to admit that we had attempted something beyond our powers. But you know, we may just succeed. And if that happens, I hope that the many thoughtful, dedicated Americans who opposed the policy will be glad to acknowledge that their country is sometimes capable of even more than we should dare to dream."

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

June 23, 1967

Vol. 89, No. 25

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Opportunity for Two

While the guns roared over the sands of Sinai and the hills of Galilee, the U.S. and the Soviet Union worked in tandem to avoid a catastrophic confrontation. With a Middle East cease-fire in effect and the superpowers back from the brink, the Big Two have arrived at a definitive new crossroads in world affairs. Will they revert to the arid pattern of cold-war contentiousness, or will they make a concerted effort to shape new agreements not only on the Middle East but also on a whole panoply of world problems?

On the face of it, the prospects for cooperation between Washington and Moscow have dimmed perceptibly since their hot-line harmony of two weeks ago. The Russians, having lost the better part of their \$2 billion, decade-long military investment in the Moslem world, also saw their prestige plummet to an all-time low among the Arab states (see *THE WORLD*). Determined to recoup their psychological loss at least, Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin and his colleagues at this week's emergency meeting of the U.N. General Assembly faced the difficult task of inveighing against a *fait accompli*—Israel's shattering territorial gains. Backed into that corner, the Soviets might be expected to lash out with bitter denunciation not only of Israel but also of the U.S.

Metternichian Minuet. However, the Soviet position was made doubly complicated by the broad opportunity that Kosygin's presence in the U.S. offers for top-level talks between the Big Two. There were clear indications that both sides would welcome such talk; but a bitter public exchange in the U.N. might well reduce both the inclinations and the opportunity.

In a Metternichian minuet that seemed strangely out of place in the nuclear age, both Kosygin and Lyndon Johnson at week's end delicately refrained from making the first move. Kosygin feared that if he asked for a Washington meeting with the U.S. President, the Arabs would suspect him of a double cross, while Peking, which has already accused Moscow of "a perfidious betrayal, a monstrous sellout," would crow even more loudly. As for Johnson, White House Press Secretary George Christian said that if Kosygin wished to sit down and talk, the Pres-

ident "will, of course, be glad to see him"—but Washington did not extend an invitation.

Johnson had previously planned to spend ten days at his Texas ranch, awaiting the birth of his first grandchild, playing host to Australia's Prime Minister Harold Holt, and mending some local fences. Instead, after flying down to Austin for a long-scheduled Democratic fund-raising dinner at week's end, he jetted back to Washington the same night,

celess explosion of a hydrogen bomb.

Clearly, if such a meeting were to take place—let alone get anywhere—Kosygin would have to demonstrate a remarkable degree of flexibility and reasonableness in his advocacy of the Arab cause before the U.N. and millions of U.S. viewers. Though his Moslem clients would hardly relish a restrained stance by Moscow, they should be well aware by now that the task of constructing a peaceful Middle East is as far



KOSYGIN (WAVING) & AIDES AT KENNEDY AIRPORT AT 5:30 A.M.
A choice between arid invective and constructive effort.

touching down at 3:30 a.m., an hour and a half before Kosygin's arrival in New York. Johnson also shifted his weekend meeting with Holt from the L.B.J. Ranch to Camp David in Maryland's Catoctin Mountains, where Khrushchev conferred with Dwight Eisenhower in 1959.

Tour d'Horizon. Soviet officials, meanwhile, hustled around Washington on the eve of Kosygin's arrival in New York, dropping broad hints that if Johnson were willing to break the ice, talks might prove highly profitable. The Soviet Premier, they said, was prepared to join Johnson in a *tour d'horizon* encompassing not only the Mideast but also Viet Nam, the nuclear nonproliferation treaty, and mutual limitations on costly new anti-ballistic missile systems. Another likely topic: Red China's suc-

beyond their own means as have been their military efforts over the past decade. A just settlement of the ancient feud between Arab and Jew will not be easy to achieve in any circumstances. That goal will be almost impossible to attain without substantive diplomacy between the two superpowers.

In Search of a Policy for Now

As the Arab-Israeli conflict reverted to a war of words, Washington set out belatedly to formulate U.S. policy for a Middle East that had been transformed almost beyond recognition in a week of fighting. No fewer than four official panels, including a Cabinet-level subcommittee of the National Security Council, met daily to study the issues.

At right: Foreign Minister Gromyko.

To an astonishing degree, they were breaking fresh ground. For the fact is that until the crisis erupted, the U.S. had no Middle Eastern policy or contingency plan worthy of the name.

For six crucial months, beginning last October, the post of Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs was unfilled. During the three months immediately preceding the war, not one U.S. official spoke with United Arab Republic President Gamal Abdel Nasser. U.S. Chargé d'Affaires David G. Nes reported from Cairo that trouble was brewing, but later complained that Washington ignored his warnings and branded him an alarmist. Top-level responsibility for the Middle East was bucked from official to official. Nicholas Katzenbach looked into Washington's policy when he became Under Secretary last September, quickly passed the problem to Newcomer Eugene Rostow. Under Secretary for Political Affairs, who thereupon turned it over to a newer comer, his deputy, Foy Kohler.

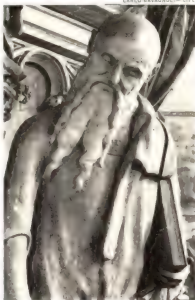
The Administration hotly denied having been caught with its policy down. "Any inference that the U.S. regarded the situation in the Middle East as anything other than a very grave one is erroneous," insisted a Foggy Bottom spokesman. "The Middle East," President Johnson told a news conference, "has occupied a good deal of our thoughts, our attention, and the time of some of the ablest leaders in our Government ever since I came into the executive branch in 1961. It still does." As the new diplomatic phase opened, the effects of all that attention were not readily evident.

Hashish & Hubris. In any event, Washington's efforts to chart a policy may well be frustrated by the arabesque of politics in the Middle East, where the losers, sounding as if they were inspired by hashish as well as hubris, managed to talk like winners. Even in the past, Washington had limited leverage in the region. Now, in the face of Israeli distrust and Arab hatred—fanned by Nasser's face-saving lie about U.S. and British intervention on Israel's behalf—its influence is virtually nonexistent.

In the U.S., sympathy for Israel was strong. Of 438 Congressmen who replied to an Associated Press poll, an overwhelming 364 urged that Israel be given assurances of national security and access to the Gulf of Aqaba and the Suez Canal before withdrawing its troops from occupied Arab lands. The

other 74 qualified their answers or refused to state a position, but not one urged Israel to withdraw without guarantees. U.S. officials—at least in private—also sympathize with Israel's demands for recognition by the Arab nations and a territorial realignment giving Israel defensible borders.

Beyond encouraging direct Arab-Israeli negotiations and resisting Russia's attempts to brand Israel the aggressor and strip away all of its gains, U.S. policymakers are looking toward the future—far into the future. Lyndon Johnson characteristically visualizes a TVA-style project for the Jordan River basin. White House Aide Walt Rostow, in a commencement address at Vermont's Middlebury College, proposed a regional economic program. But no long-range



ISAIAH

The plowshares may have to wait.

plan can work, as Johnson conceded at a weekend fund-raising dinner in Austin, unless each nation in the area accepts "the right of its neighbors to stable and secure existence." Only then, he added, can they "count upon the friendly help of the United States." Said the President earlier in the week: "Today in the Middle East—as in Viet Nam and America—we are faced with a task of rebuilding, of putting together a human equation, where men can live as the prophet Micah said, 'Every man under his vine and fig tree; and none shall make them afraid.'"

Swords in Scabbards. That may be an elusive vision. The problem for U.S. policymakers is that the Arabs see no room for Israeli fig trees anywhere in the Middle East; they remain committed to destroying the little country. For their part, the Israelis have no intention of following the advice of Micah and another favorite Johnsonian prophet—Isaiah—and beating their swords into plowshares. "Return your swords

to your scabbards," said Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan last week. "But keep them ever ready, for the time has not yet come when you can beat them into plowshares."

Given those attitudes on the part of the belligerents, the U.S. search for a policy for now is every bit as crucial as it is complicated.

THE PRESIDENCY

The Fat City Gap

"I have kept my cool. I haven't bugged out. I am still in Fat City." So, acting in his capacity as President of all the people, Lyndon Johnson pulled from his hippie pocket a speech that took sardonic note of "the generation gap." Addressed to 121 Presidential Scholars before a White House dinner, the speech drew freely from a slightly obsolescent hippie lexicon that Lynda Bird had compiled for *McCall's*.

And what, perchance, did he mean by "Fat City"? The straight of the press were so bewildered that the White House press office felt constrained to come forth with a gloss. "Fat City: A state of mind characterized by mild to extreme euphoria, usually induced by a combination of salubrious climate and fortunate personal circumstances."

The President might have cooled it with the phrase had he known that, to some hippies, Fat City is a synonym for Squaresville.

THE SENATE

Dodd's Defense

It hardly seemed an even contest. There was Mississippi Democrat John Stennis, backed by a reputation for judicial probity and five fellow members of the Committee on Standards and Conduct, demanding the censure of Connecticut Democrat Thomas Dodd for perpetrating "a grievous wrong" against the entire Senate. And there was Dodd, his name sullied by 18 months of accusation and investigation, his own records and statements hurled as weapons against him, his only asset an instinct for political survival.

Yet for four days on the Senate floor last week, the Connecticut Democrat fought doggedly and at times eloquently to prove "my honesty and my honor." In defense of what Dodd called "these marks of my manhood," he cried out to his peers and judges: "I am telling you the truth and concealing nothing! May the vengeance of God strike me if I am doing otherwise."

"Character Assassins." Dodd portrayed himself as the aggrieved party rather than the offender. The Senator depicted four former staff members, who started his ordeal by stealing his private records and passing them to Columnists Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson, as victims of a "pathological desire for vengeance." He branded the columnists as "the most unscrupulous character assassins ever spawned by the American press." No doubt this argu-

* Despite the Israeli attack on the U.S. communications ship *Liberty* that cost 34 dead, 75 wounded. One officer of the stricken vessel, which was strafed and torpedoed some 15 miles off the Sinai coast, said: "To put it bluntly, she was there to spy for us. We moved in close to monitor the communications of both Egypt and Israel. We have to. We must be informed of what's going on in a matter of minutes." Some of the crew maintained that the attack was deliberate, though Israel denied it.



DODD & LONG IN CAPITOL
One asset and a windy liability.

ment had its effect, for hardly any Senator would relish having his employees hand private documents from his files to a pair of muckrakers.

Dodd even rounded on the ethics committee, which was well intentioned, he allowed, but judging him "completely on the basis of nonexistent standards." Dodd clearly scored points, forcing his opposition to work harder than it had anticipated. A vote had been expected last week, but Dodd obtained a weekend extension in which to prepare still further arguments.

"Finger & Thief." Although numerous other accusations of peculation and improper use of his office have been made against Dodd, the Stennis committee based its formal recommendation for censure on two charges: that Dodd billed both the Senate and private groups for the same travel expenses, and that he wrongfully appropriated to his personal use at least \$116,083 from political campaign funds.

Dodd's arguments seemed to create enough question about his role in the double-billing episodes to make some Senators accept his word above that of Michael O'Hare, one of the aides who stole Dodd's records. O'Hare had testified that Dodd ordered him to collect travel money from both the Senate and private organizations. Last week Dodd contended that if he had wanted to cheat in this manner, he could have done so on a grand scale rather than take merely \$1,700 over five years. It was all O'Hare's fault for sloppy bookkeeping, Dodd argued, calling him "a liar and a forger and a thief." Moreover, Dodd declared, if the Senate really believed one of its members guilty of larceny, it should expel him outright rather than censure him. It was a shrewd challenge. At week's end the Senate agreed to vote separately on the billing and campaign-fund counts.

Lacerated Arguments. Dodd made little headway against the campaign-fund charge. It has been his contention

all along that seven testimonial social functions held for his benefit between 1961 and 1965 yielded personal, tax-free gifts for use at his discretion, not campaign contributions that had to be spent for political purposes. Dodd clung to his story, conceding only that he spent just \$3,100 out of other contributions, again by error rather than design. But Stennis and Utah's Wallace Bennett, the ranking Republican on the ethics committee, repeatedly lacerated his arguments, some of which glossed over a stipulation of facts agreed to earlier by Dodd and the investigating committee.

The stipulation showed that Dodd fund raisers, in written solicitations for two of the testimonial affairs, emphasized the Senator's campaign needs and made no mention of his personal finances. It showed, too, that the Democratic National Committee got \$7,500 from one of the dinners "for providing the Vice President [Hubert Humphrey] as speaker." Also, Dodd admitted the accuracy of a newspaper report that quoted a 1963 letter to Lyndon Johnson in which Dodd thanked the then Vice President for agreeing to appear at a day-long round of testimonials "to assist me in my forthcoming campaign." Dodd insisted that he had profited "not one penny from public office," had bought no yachts or Cadillacs with the testimonial funds. But Stennis reminded the Senate that the "morass of money" financed "repairs to a house, alterations to a private home, payments of thousands of dollars to a son," among other nonpolitical causes.

Objections Flying. In addition to all his other troubles, Dodd was burdened by the unsolicited advocacy of Louisiana's Russell Long, the only Senator who openly championed his cause. Huey's son whooped and wambled through the debate, arms waving and objections flying, as if bent on infuriating the rest of the Senate. In a rambling six-hour diatribe that approached filibuster proportions and reduced attendance on the floor from more than 70 to 13, Long invoked his father, Uncle Earl, Daniel Webster, Christ and John F. Kennedy, along with a number of others. He capped the week by exclaiming: "I understand the case for Tom Dodd better than Tom Dodd understands the case for Tom Dodd."

In the face of Long's overblown theatrics, Chairman Stennis maintained his customary dignity. The business of spearheading the attack on a fellow Senator was plainly saddening to him, and he said as much, recalling his part in the Senate's last censure case in 1954, when he was among those who pressed successfully for condemnation of the late Joseph McCarthy. In words reminiscent of his opening statement on that occasion, Stennis said last week: "If we pass up this matter, then some time, somewhere, in some way, something big will slip out of this chamber, and a lesser standard will have gotten to be accepted."

DEFENSE

New No. 2

Beneath the snowy thatch and the cool, professorial mien, Paul Henry Nitze glowed as warmly as the bowl of his ever-present pipe. "I shall be getting back into what I used to deal with," he said last week. "Back to the policy issues of the day." Back, but with a difference. Nitze, 60, who was nominated by the President to the post of Deputy Defense Secretary, the Pentagon's No. 2 job, will have one of the top policymaking roles in the Administration.

Nitze has had a long wait. Since 1940, he has held several influential posts, notably as chief of policy planning for the State Department and as Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs. He contributed to two historic, prescient documents—National Security Council No. 68 in 1950 and the Gaither Report in 1957—that pointed up serious weaknesses in the nation's defense posture.

Yet Nitze's prickly personality, his academic bent, and his penchant for discussing far-out security and disarmament theories made him enough enemies over the years to deny him still higher office. He faced firm, if unofficial, opposition from a handful of conservative Republican Senators when the Eisenhower Administration proposed to nominate him to a high Defense Department post, and he withdrew from Government. Later, he was prominently mentioned as a candidate for a number of top-level jobs, but settled in 1963 for the relatively prosaic appointment as Secretary of the Navy, the post he has held ever since.

Nitze's promotion was prompted by the resignation of Deputy Defense Secretary Cyrus Vance, 50. Despite the controversy that used to surround Nitze, the prospect is for easy confirmation of the man who has served ably and patiently under five Presidents.

WALTER DENDERT



PAUL NITZE
A long wait.

THE CONGRESS

Astronomy of War

Even to Representatives used to dealing with megamillions, it was a staggering figure. At \$70.3 billion, the 1968 defense appropriations bill for the year beginning July 1 passed by the House last week was only slightly less than the military budget for 1944, when the U.S. had 11,450,000 men under arms (v. 3,370,000 today), and came close to equaling the accumulated revenues of the entire Federal Government for the first 138 years of its history. In closer perspective, it was only 1.4% less than Congress appropriated for all federal agencies, military and civilian, ten short years ago.

Astronomical as it was, the figure will undoubtedly swell even more before the fiscal year ends next June. Though \$20.3 billion was allotted for the war in Viet Nam, many observers in and out of Congress expect that the Defense Department will ask for a supplemental appropriation, particularly if U.S. ground forces in Viet Nam are raised—as seems not unlikely—above the 500,000 level upon which the budget figures are based. Estimates of increased costs range as high as \$10 billion.

New Spirit. Even as it approved nearly all of the Administration's request, the House displayed once again the new spirit of independence that it has acquired in the 90th Congress. It dropped entirely funds for Fast Deployment Logistics Ships, key to Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's strategy for rapid worldwide commitment of U.S. troops (TIME, March 31), and gave informal approval to an Appropriations Committee directive ordering McNamara to defer further reorganization of the National Guard and Army Reserve.

Though the directive does not have the force of law, it is a stern warning to the Administration to move careful-

ly on Reserve reorganization. In addition, several members vowed that in the future they would have an even bigger say on overall military policy.

In other actions, Congress:

- Passed in the Senate, by a 72-to-23 vote, a bill to extend the draft for four years. The bill, which must still receive final House approval, would, for all practical purposes, continue student deferments up to age 24 and prohibit President Johnson from carrying out his plan to draft 19-year-olds by lot.

- Rejected, in the House, a Senate-passed bill designed to end the dispute between management and shop craft unions of 138 railroads across the nation. While the House accepted a provision extending negotiations for another 90 days, it balked at another section that would force both management and unions to accept compulsory arbitration—always anathema to labor—if negotiations failed.

THE SUPREME COURT

Negro Justice

"I believe it is the right thing to do, the right time to do it, the right man and the right place," declared Lyndon Johnson, blinking in the bright sunlight of the White House Rose Garden. Thus, in a move that had been freely forecast but still represented a historic appointment, the President named Thurgood Marshall, 58, great-grandson of a Maryland slave, to be the first Negro Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

A 1933 graduate of the Howard University Law School, Marshall captained the long-drawn legal battle for equal rights during his 23 years as counsel for the N.A.A.C.P. and its Legal Defense and Educational Fund. He argued 32 cases before the Supreme Court, winning all but three. His most famous victory was the court's 1954 ruling that segregated schools are in violation of

the 14th Amendment. Named a federal circuit judge by John Kennedy, Marshall became the nation's first Negro Solicitor General two years ago.

Beatification. If Thurgood Marshall's qualifications for the Supreme Court were unimpeachable, his selection was also politically astute—an act of official beatification that brought cheers from virtually every segment of the civil rights spectrum and should earn the Administration points among disenfranchised Negro voters in next year's elections. "This has stirred pride in the breast of every black American," said Floyd McKissick, combative director of the Congress of Racial Equality.

Thanks in large part to his own efforts, Marshall will come to the Supreme Court at a time when the federal judiciary's great era of major civil rights decisions may be near its end. The fundamental lines of equality have already been drawn, and Marshall will likely be writing opinions on civil rights cases whose guidelines he saw established when he was arguing before the courts as counsel for the N.A.A.C.P.

No doubt Marshall will be more liberal, though perhaps only slightly so, than the man he is replacing: Justice Tom Clark, 67, who retired last week after 18 years on the Supreme Court bench to avoid any semblance of conflict of interest now that his son Ramsey is U.S. Attorney General. Justice Clark, an undogmatic, plain-talking jurist, generally supported the court's civil rights decisions, but tended to side with the conservatives in cases such as *Ex-cubedo* and *Miranda*, where the rights of accused criminals were involved.

Chitlins Wit. Marshall, a gregarious storyteller with a dry wit and a healthy thirst for bourbon and water, has been married since 1955 to Hawaiian-born Cecilia Suyat (his first wife died of cancer a year before), and lives in an integrated neighborhood of Southwest Washington. He is equally comfortable drawing earthy tales in a self-mocking, chitlins-and-cornpone Negro dialect or arguing law in meticulously scholarly tones.

After his nomination to the federal judgeship six years ago, Marshall had to wait a year while his confirmation was stalled by Southern segregationists in the Senate Judiciary Committee. This time there should be no such delay, although South Carolina's Strom Thurmond, who will be a bellwether for many Southern colleagues, promises to oppose Marshall's confirmation—not because he is a Negro, insisted Thurmond, but because he is a "political liberal" and would strengthen the court's activists. Nonetheless, Marshall has firmly aligned himself with civil rights

With a public school enrollment that is now 93% Negro, Washington for the first time last week got a school board that is also dominated by Negroes. With two new Negroes and one white appointed, the board will be 5 to 4 Negro.



MRS. MARSHALL & CHILDREN

Earthy tales and scholarly tones.



MARSHALL

moderates, condemning among other things the black power movement and racial violence in the slums. Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen, predicting that Marshall will be confirmed without difficulty, noted: "He's a good lawyer. The fact of his color should make no difference."

RACES

Mind Over Mayhem

For a while last week, it seemed as if the black-power fanatics were all too accurate in predicting anarchy in the nation's slums this summer. In cities as disparate as Tampa, Fla., and Prattville, Ala., Cincinnati and Los Angeles, fire bombs flared and mobs coursed the streets. Store fronts were smashed by looters, and the flames of riot blazed intermittently—but they never reached the roaring pitch of a Watts or a Harlem, a Chicago or a Hough. In most of the cities, cool tactics by police and city governments kept the flare-ups from becoming "the fire next time," and proved once again that riot is as much a state of mind as of mayhem.

The Real Heroes. Tampa's three-day upheaval began when a white patrolman shot and killed a 19-year-old Negro burglary suspect as the youth ran from him. The patrolman claimed that the youth was about to get away when he pulled the trigger at a distance of 25 ft. Negroes who were standing near by said it was a much closer shot; indisputably, the victim was shot in the back. With that, the mobs began gathering. Arsonists set fires in stores, a lumberyard, half a dozen vacant houses. After rioters broke into a gun store on Cass Street, firemen found slugs snapping around them; a white couple, attracted by the flames, were dragged out of their car and beaten.

For their part, the police and National Guardsmen kept their gunfire to a minimum (two Negroes were treated for minor gunshot wounds). The real heroes of Tampa were the members of the "City Youth Patrol," a hastily organized band of 150 young Negroes—many of whom had hurled rocks and fire bombs the night before—who tramped the slums in white hard hats and warned the mobs to cool it. By midweek, thanks to their efforts, the temperature of violence had fallen enough for Governor Kirk to order the National Guard back to their homes.

Tin Badge. In neighboring Alabama, trouble was triggered not by shooting but by shouting. Black Power Prophet Stokely Carmichael started it with a wild argument at a voter registration meeting in Prattville, a reputed Ku Klux Klan stronghold ten miles from Montgomery. Stokely's target was Prattville Assistant Police Chief Kenneth Hill, who shot and killed a Negro early this year during a jailbreak attempt after a mistaken arrest for murder. When Hill showed up at the meeting, Carmichael



TAMPA WHITE HATS ON PATROL

Cool tactics to extinguish "the fire next time."

yelled: "Take that tin badge off and I'll take care of you myself!" After getting reinforcements, the cops arrested Carmichael on the spot.

With that, Negro marchers took to the streets in nearby Montgomery, a city whose mayor, Earl James, prefers to handle civil rights demonstrators without violence. Although Alabama's Governor Lurleen Wallace sent in National Guardsmen, Mayor James's police gave the Negroes an escort and thus precluded a direct confrontation. Released on \$500 bail, Carmichael tried to whip up the mob with black-power speeches, but its members—mostly youngsters—only cheered a bit and sang a few songs, then broke up and went home.

The Riot Act. Cincinnati's four-day outburst was the longest of the week, and in many ways the most ominous. Triggered by the arrest of a Negro demonstrator who was protesting a death sentence imposed upon his cousin, Pestal Laskey,* the riots raged not through a Negro slum, but in spacious, residential neighborhoods, where many of the city's 110,000 Negroes were moved when Cincinnati razed its ghetto as part of a \$100 million urban-renewal program. After three days, during which more than 100 stores and businesses were fire-bombed, Mayor Walton Bachrach called in the National Guard. Police read the state riot act to the mobs over loudspeakers, then arrested 16 Negroes who were "congregating" in defiance of the act.

When Municipal Judge William S. Mathews sentenced a dozen Negro violators to a year in jail and a \$500 fine each, rioting erupted in Cincinnati's workhouse, a fetid bastille built over a

*Convicted for stabbing a white secretary, Laskey was believed to be "the Cincinnati strangler" who killed five women in a year; no similar murders have been committed since his arrest last December.

century ago to house Civil War prisoners. Inmates, both black and white, began hurling rotten bricks and the contents of their toilet pails (the workhouse has no lavatories) at the prison guards.

By week's end, after damages totaling more than \$1.5 million, Cincinnati's tremors subsided toward an uneasy peace—but not before the riot mood had spread to Dayton, 50 miles to the north. There S.N.C.C. Chairman H. Rap Brown, fresh from the Prattville mob scene, urged Negroes to "take the pressure off Cincinnati," and advised them that "the honkey (white man) is your enemy. How can you be non-violent in America, the most violent country in the world? You better shoot that man to death." As the pattern of burning and looting emerged in Dayton for the second time in a year, police lifted a page from Tampa and sent white-helmeted Negro youth patrols into the ghetto to talk other youths off the streets. Again the experiment worked.

Speed & Experience. Whereas Cincinnati's rioting was exacerbated by what Negroes considered harsh justice, the flare-up last week in Los Angeles' perennially explosive Watts area was extinguished by swift, steady police action. When a fire broke out in a military-surplus storage yard, it looked like the first spark. Soon rocks were winging at firemen, and Police Chief Thomas J. Reddin ordered a "tactical police alert"; he threw a cordon of 80 cops around the scene of the fire and snuffed out a potential riot.

In the midst of the week's melees, a score of Negro leaders representing every stripe, from the moderation of Roy Wilkins to the militance of Floyd McKissick, met outside New York City. Their agreed aim was to head off further racial eruptions this summer, and after the meeting Wilkins issued a "red

alert" to the N.A.A.C.P.'s 1,500 chapters. "Don't just be against riots," Wilkins urged, "be active in preventing them." He announced that bumper stickers would be issued with slogans such as **BRICKS THROUGH WINDOWS DON'T OPEN DOORS**.

Senseless and cruel as the week's riots were, their resolution offered hopeful pointers for the future. Given level-headed law enforcement, maintenance of open communication with local Negro leadership, and—above all, perhaps—the deployment of concerned and responsible Negroes like the Tampa and Dayton "white hats," city officials may well be able to avert full-scale conflagrations that can only scar their cities and needlessly inflame race relations.

Court v. King

In a 5-to-4 decision, the Supreme Court last week upheld the 1963 conviction of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and seven other Negro civil rights leaders for defying an Alabama state court injunction against a civil rights march in Birmingham. King, whose group had been denied a parade license by burly "Bull" Connor, then Birmingham's commissioner of public safety, was sentenced by an Alabama court to a five-day jail term and \$50 fine for carrying out the march despite the restraining order. Reviewing the case, the Supreme Court majority took the position that King could have appealed the injunction and might have won the right to march; instead he chose to defy the law. Wrote Justice Potter Stewart: "No man can be judge in his own case, however exalted his station, however righteous his motives, and irrespective of his race, color, politics or religion."

From the court's four dissenters—Chief Justice Earl Warren, Associate Justices William O. Douglas, Abe Fortas and William J. Brennan—came a blistering objection written by Brennan: "We cannot permit fears of 'riots' and 'civil disobedience' generated by slogans like black power to divert our attention from what is here at stake—arming the state courts with the power to punish as a 'contempt' what they otherwise could not punish at all." Although the state is unlikely to seek extradition, King plans to go to jail in Alabama next month.

ELECTIONS

Bobby Loses Harvard

There were no campaign speeches or even any notable issues, just a blue-chip field of ten candidates for five seats on the 30-member Harvard Board of Overseers. Among them: Senator Robert F. Kennedy, class of '48. When the 27,000 ballots were counted last week, Candidate Kennedy had finished last. Bobby could take one consolation from the defeat. His brother John, class of '40, was also defeated when he first ran for the board in 1955, was not elected until two years later.

CALIFORNIA

Dolce Vita, Rivo Alto Style

Jack and Elaine Kirschke were nothing if not adult about adultery. He liked women and she liked men, and neither was a spoilsport. There was only one house rule for their not-quite-home on voguish Rivo Alto Canal in Naples, California: when one party had the pad, the other stayed away.

The Kirschkes deliberately sought wider horizons for their 24-year marriage. With their son and daughter grown, they moved four years ago into a modern apartment in Naples, near the Long Beach Yacht Club, where for a time they kept a 33-ft. sloop. Both found the club a good place to meet new

the floor, fully clothed. Each had a .38 slug in the head. They had been dead 43 hours. Investigators speculated that the killer had not meant to shoot Elaine, but that the first bullet caromed off Orville's forehead and tore into her temple. The prime suspect: Jack Kirschke.

Hermetic Alibi. An all-points bulletin snared the prosecutor less than an hour later in Victorville, 100 miles east of Naples, in a car headed home. He explained that he had driven his son's Volkswagen 300 miles to Las Vegas the night of the murders. At the time of the killings, Kirschke said, he had been en route to Las Vegas to address a Rotary convention. Witnesses backed his story. The only odd aspect to the case was that his own Karmann-Ghia had

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



ELAINE KIRSCHKE



ORVILLE DRANKHAN



JACK KIRSCHKE AT NAPLES HOME

Wider horizons and an uninvited spoilsport.

friends, and some of them may have wound up berthing at Rivo Alto.

Latest & Last. She was a successful fashion designer under her maiden name, Elaine Terry. He was an \$18,000-a-year chief prosecutor for the Los Angeles district attorney, in charge of the D.A.'s suburban Downey office. Between them, they were earning \$40,000 a year. They were a good-looking, high-style couple. Elaine, with her hazel eyes, red hair and trim, 114-lb. figure, was still, at 43, a woman woman-watchers watched. Jack, 6 ft. 1 in., and handsome, with a lively, inquiring mind, was a 45-year-old social lion.

Elaine's latest lover was a 41-year-old flying instructor named Orville Drankhan. He was also her last. When police, alerted by a curious neighbor, entered the apartment one evening last April, they found Orville and Elaine in the bedroom. She was lying on the bed, wearing only an unbuttoned black and white kimono jacket. Drankhan was on

been found in running condition at the Los Angeles airport. That, said Kirschke, only solved another mystery. He had given the car to a mechanic to fix weeks before, and the mechanic had disappeared with it.

Through three days of questioning, Jack remained confident. "I'm an officer of the court," he said, "I trust in God, and I have faith in our American system of criminal justice." The police released him, after the interrogation, but the investigation went on. Last week, after 31 days of testimony from 36 witnesses, California Assistant Attorney General Al Harris persuaded a grand jury that he had punctured Jack Kirschke's hermetic alibi. The erstwhile prosecutor was indicted on two counts of murder, arraigned, and given until June 23 to formulate his plea.

Until then, Kirschke will have to stay in the Los Angeles County jail, where visiting privileges are less liberal than they were on Rivo Alto.

NEW YORK

The Longest Shot

Disraeli observed that "there is no gambling like politics." Even so, the odds may be a bit better in politics than they are in New York's new game of chance, a state-sponsored lottery that was started this month with the intent of raising some \$198 million a year for state education programs. Blackjack almost gives the sucker an even break; one-armed bandits may pay back as much as 50% of the take; even New York City's illegal numbers racket offers the player a 999-to-1 chance.

However worthy its object, New York's state lottery, at \$1 per chance, gives the better the remote odds of 4,000 to 1 merely to take a consolation prize (from \$150 to \$1,000), with odds of 1,000,000 to 1 on grand monthly jackpots of \$100,000 and, if the expected total of tickets is sold, 360,000,000 to 1 on an annual "superprize" of \$250,000. Besides, while even the numbers racketeers shell out 70% of the take for prize money, the state will pay back only 30% of the lottery lucre, reserving the rest for the schools and administrative costs.

Moral Support. What attracts the bettors, of course, is the size of the prizes, not the odds. Still, in two weeks of operation, about 4,000 hotels, motels and banks selling chances brought in less than \$7,000,000—roughly half the rate of sale needed to fulfill the state's income expectations. Although no neighborhood breakdowns were available, one bank chain said its sales were most brisk in low-income areas such as Harlem, thus stiffening criticism that the lottery will actually prove to be a form of regressive tax.

Governor Nelson Rockefeller—and the state's voters in a referendum—approved the lottery as a fund-raising device to obviate the need for higher taxes, but some of Rockefeller's opponents in Washington hoped to win politically from the game. Regarding Rockefeller as the most formidable opponent the Republicans could pit against the President in 1968, some White House aides hatched a plan that might cripple the lottery and embarrass the Governor.

House Banking Committee Chairman Wright Patman of Texas and New York Democrat John Murphy, who aspires to run for mayor of New York in 1969, pushed through the committee a bill to bar virtually all U.S. banks from taking any part in administering a lottery. Since New York banks now account for two-thirds of the lottery sales, the bill, if passed by Congress, would vastly increase the state's overhead costs, perhaps force Rockefeller to an odious choice between reneging on school aid or raising taxes.

The bill may be a threat, but the lottery was accorded at least one gesture of eminent moral support last week. Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing sent off a note to Francis Kelly, chairman

of the Massachusetts Sweepstakes Committee, thanking him for a gift of 25 New York lottery tickets that Kelly had bought on a visit. Asked the Cardinal: "If we can have lotteries in Ireland, England and other countries in Europe, why cannot we have them in the U.S.?" Massachusetts is already thinking about it.

MISSOURI

Out of Purgatory

On the high bluffs overlooking the Missouri River, golfers in Bermuda shorts and T-shirts queue up to play an intricate, 18-hole miniature course. Near by, tables buzz with games of checkers and pinochle. From handball courts comes the hollow thump of ball against board. The country-club atmosphere is deceptive—and was planned that way as part of a wall-to-wall overhaul that in two years has transformed the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City from what a visitor once termed a "loathsome stone purgatory" into one of the nation's model prisons.

For most of its 132 years, the Missouri poky resembled a Dickensian choky. Though custody was lax for the favored few who had money or political pull, most inmates lived in nightmarish squalor. At one time the prison held close to twice as many as it was supposed to, with many 12-ft. by 9-ft. cubicles sleeping seven or more. Maggots and rats infested the food-handling areas. Gambling, homosexuality and use of drugs were rife, and as a result of their stay in "Jeff City," many convicts were more intractable when they left prison than when they went in.

Knives & Forks. A series of bloody riots in 1954 left seven convicts dead, injured scores of others, and cost \$10 million in damage to buildings and equipment—but did little to awaken the state government. In 1964, after 16 months of internal warfare among rival convict factions had killed seven men and hospitalized 205 others, the then Governor, John Dalton, sent in investigators to determine what had gone wrong. Nearly everything had. One day after a legislative committee issued a scathing report on conditions in the penitentiary, the warden shot himself. The state director of corrections left soon after, to be succeeded by Fred Wilkinson, 59, former deputy director of the federal Bureau of Prisons and the first professional penologist ever to run the sprawling (seven institutions, 3,476 inmates) Missouri system.

Wilkinson and his new warden, Harold Swenson, 58, a longtime associate in the federal system, quickly established a new climate. Knives and forks—hitherto forbidden as potentially dangerous weapons—joined spoons on the dining tables; fresh fruit appeared on the breakfast menu; shower rooms were placed at the end of each cell-block tier so that convicts could bathe daily instead of twice a week. Cheap transistor radios were put on sale. For the first

time, maximum-security prisoners were allowed outdoors for recreation and supplied with pillows and mattresses instead of back-breaking straw ticks.

Stern Side. A burned-out cell block, still standing a decade after the riots, was replaced by a prisoner-built recreation building that has become the home of the Versatiles, an eight-man convict combo that performs at schools and other state institutions. Most important, the prison population has been reduced by 20%. Yet a truly professional administration also has its stern side. Guards, who had often snoozed in overstaffed



MINIATURE GOLF COURSE AT JEFF CITY
From Dickensian choky to real pleasant poky.

chairs in the watchtowers, were now perched on high aluminum chairs and provided with M-1 carbines and saved-off 12-gauge shotguns in place of puny .22-cal. rifles. Many of the old-timers—moonlighting farmers, bellhops and taxi drivers—were replaced with younger, more competent men.

The real purpose of a prison, in Wilkinson's view, is not to keep prisoners happy—or even to keep them in—but to rehabilitate them. Everyone who can works at Missouri, and training and educational programs are being given top priority. Despite the reduced population, more inmates (710) are enrolled in rehabilitation programs now than ever before. The idea, of course, is to teach prisoners useful occupations, in the hope that most will never again see the inside of "Jeff City."

THE WORLD

UNITED NATIONS

Mission from Moscow

Crew-cut and impassive, Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin strode into the United Nations' glass house in Manhattan last week for the opening of the special session of the General Assembly. He listened with obvious satisfaction as the delegates quickly adopted the agenda—discussion of peace in the Middle East—and adjourned for the weekend, to commence serious debate this week. As the highest-ranking Russian visitor to the U.N. since Khrushchev's blucher-banging sortie in 1960, Kosygin was a man with a mission. Having failed to bail out their Arab client-states on the battlefields, the Soviets sought to use diplomacy to deny the Israelis the heady wine of victory.

One measure of Moscow's desperation was the procedure that the Soviets used for summoning the General Assembly into emergency session. The procedure was first devised by the U.S. in 1950 in order to obtain U.N. authority to repel Communist aggression in Korea. At that time, the Russians damned as illegal what they themselves employed last week.

The Vote Was 16-2. In coming to the U.S., Kosygin assured the Kremlin maximum amplification for its diplomatic offensive. His presence also elevated the level of representation in the Assembly's blue and gold auditorium. The roster of scheduled participants included U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk, French Foreign Minister Couve de Murville, British Foreign Secretary George Brown, Israel's Foreign Minister Abba Eban, Denmark's Prime Minister Jens Otto Krag, plus a flock of Communist Eastern European Premiers and Asian and Arab foreign ministers.

Kosygin was ready to argue that the

Assembly ought to brand Israel an aggressor, and insist that it "disgorge the fruits of its aggression"—meaning withdrawal from the Arab territories it now occupies—before any peace talks could begin. The two are very different propositions. On the purely technical matter of aggression, Israel scarcely bothers to deny any longer that it started shooting first. On the day before the guns opened up, the Israeli Cabinet met secretly to discuss whether to launch a "pre-emptive" attack before the gathering Arab armies struck. Abba Eban argued for further diplomatic efforts. Defense Minister Moshe Dayan insisted that the safety of the nation would not permit delay. Dayan carried the day. The attack was authorized by a vote of 16-2, the only nays being cast by the left-wing socialists.

"Come and Talk Peace." Any Russo-Arab attempt to make capital of that will not likely make much headway among the rest of the delegates. The Arabs, after all, have for 19 years insisted that they were in a "state of war" with Israel, and were clearly massing for their own first strike from the Sinai when the war began. The Russians will probably find more support in the argument that Israel's victorious armies should pull back to their own frontiers.

The Israelis, with the backing of the U.S., have no intention of pulling back prior to any settlement of their two-decade-old conflict with the Arab world that surrounds them. As Israel sees it, the only road to stability in the Middle East lies in direct, bilateral negotiations with each of the vanquished Arab nations—Egypt, Jordan, Syria—forcing them to recognize Israel's existence. One of Kosygin's aims in flying to New York is undoubtedly to spare the Arabs the ignominy of such face-to-face acceptance of Israel. The Israelis presume that they have earned that right. Their army now stands astride Arab lands equal to three times the size of Israel. Some of the territory Israel intends to keep at all costs. But other parts are eminently negotiable and are in effect being held hostage in return for Arab recognition of Israel's right to exist. Withdrawal in advance is out of the question—no matter what the U.N. may recommend. "We are going to sit right where we are," says Eban. "We are going to say to the Arabs, 'If you want to change our position, come and talk peace.'"

Deft Gallic Evasion. Against that adamant stand Russia can command the instant support of the satellite and Arab nations, plus India and Yugoslavia, which are still loyal to Nasser's chimerical association of "nonaligned" nations. To drum up additional support, Kosygin, en route to New York from Moscow last week, touched down in Paris for dinner with Charles de Gaulle. He tried to persuade the general to swallow a hard anti-Israeli line, hoping to

solicit not only France's vote in the U.N. Assembly but perhaps also those of the French-speaking African nations. De Gaulle did not commit himself. After all, he has done splendidly by cozying up to both sides, and he now fancies himself in the role of mediator between them. Right up to the outbreak of the war, France pumped large quantities of arms and ammunition to Israel—and without them the Israelis could not have blitzed so fast. But De Gaulle escaped Arab ire by embargoing arms as soon as the shooting started, and last week he declared that no Israeli conquest can be "considered as permanent"—a deft Gallic evasion of the issue of withdrawal before or after a settlement.

Even if the Assembly passes a pull-back resolution, it cannot force the Israelis to comply. But the war of words now being waged on Manhattan's East River will at least serve the purpose of letting all sides air their views. Perhaps it will even help to clear the troubled Middle Eastern air after Israel's unexpectedly overwhelming victory.

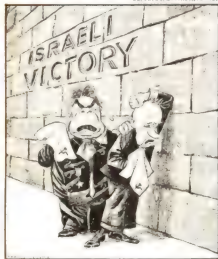
MIDDLE EAST

Coping with Victory

Now that the war is over, the trouble begins.

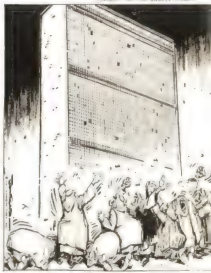
—General Moshe Dayan

As the lights went on again from Dan to Be'er Sheva, Israel began to cope with the enormous problems of victory. One was what to do with all the newly conquered territory—what to keep for reasons of security or sentiment, what to trade off for reasons of economics or politics. Though the Israelis have no intention of budging now, and certainly would be hard to dislodge by any means,



THE WAILING WALL

Trying to win through diplomacy...



THE WAILING WALL

... what was lost in the field of battle.



ISRAELI PILGRIMS AT THE TEMPLE WALL
Holding for reasons deeper than security or strategy.

no sober Israeli believed that it would be good for his nation to hold all the new lands over the long run.

Fattening the Waistline. Sinai is a worthless desert. Gaza an economic sinkhole. To try to integrate the 1,330,000 Arabs in all the occupied lands would be costly and perhaps dangerous. What then did Israel want? For simple security, it wanted at least a buffer strip on the rocky heights of Syria and a slice of West Jordan to fatten out its own narrow waistline. It also wanted free passage through Aqaba, perhaps guaranteed by an Israeli garrison at Sharm el Shiekh.

Then there was Jerusalem. For reasons deeper than strategy or security, Jerusalem is the one Israeli prize that is not negotiable. Any government that returned Old Jerusalem to Jordan would surely collapse. Already the Israelis have razed the bunkers and blockhouses dividing the city's two sectors, and bulldozers have leveled Arab huts to open a broad square before the Wailing Wall—all that remains of the Second Temple, destroyed by the Romans in A.D. 70. Last week, for the festival of Shavuoth, which commemorates the handing down of the Law to Moses, the Old City was opened for the first time in 19 years to ordinary Israelis. By day's end, 200,000 thronged to see the Wall and pray at it.

Feeding the Poor. Israel's most crucial immediate problem was to feed, find jobs for and govern the Arabs in the occupied territories. The problem was least

difficult where people were fewest—in the wastes of Sinai and the heights of Syria. Two-thirds of the inhabitants had trekked from Syria's captured sectors to the safety of Damascus. The city of El Quneitra (pop. 10,000) was a ghost town, its shops shuttered, its deserted streets patrolled by Israelis on house-to-house searches for caches of arms and ammunition. The hills echoed with explosions as Israeli sappers systematically destroyed the miniature Maginot line from which the Syrians had shelled kibbutzim across the Sea of Galilee. On the other side, kibbutz children slept in their own beds instead of underground shelters for the first time in a week.

By contrast, Gaza and West Jordan teemed with Arabs, and the conquerors hastily set up military governments headed by Israeli brigadier generals. In the war, the Israelis had surrounded Gaza so quickly that few soldiers or civilians had a chance to escape. General Moshe Goren and his military-government staff first had to disband all enemy units and terror out potential terrorists, sending the most dangerous ones to the Athlit P.O.W. camp south of Haifa. Then he turned to the task of supplying food and water to the abysmally poor people—mostly jobless Palestinian refugees who had been living on the U.N. food dole of 1,500 calories a day. Last week the U.N. resumed feeding them, and Goren made Gaza's Egyptian pound exchangeable for Israeli currency to encourage Arab shopkeepers to reopen. At his behest, many town mayors agreed to return to their desks to handle the basic of civil administration. Arab police, stripped of their arms

and Egyptian insignia, soon took over some of the civil patrolling from Israeli soldiers.

No Pogroms. Much the same kind of progress was made in the captured Jordanian territory, where Brigadier General Chaim Herzog ruled as military governor from the office that King Hussein had used when he visited Old Jerusalem. Uniformed Jordanian police went back on duty, and the water and electricity systems opened up again. The U.N. agreed to resume the feeding, housing, education and medical care of some 400,000 Palestinian refugees in the area.

For the time being at least, most of the Arabs passively accepted Israeli rule. In some places such as Bethlehem, where the population is 80% Christian, the Israelis were openly welcomed. The occupation troops scrupulously tried to avoid incidents. Any soldier caught looting faced life imprisonment. Observed one Israeli Cabinet minister: "We Jews do not mount pogroms."

Many Jordanians wished to leave the occupation zone—and the Israelis were happy to see them go, even provided free buses to the Jordan River. About 100,000 crossed on rickety bridges or swam over to King Hussein's side. The King urged these new refugees to return, and by week's end some began the reverse trickle westward.

Less fortunate were several thousand Egyptian soldiers still in Sinai. Trying to make their way home, they wandered in ragtag bands, thirsting and starving in the choking wastes, often lost, wounded and without shoes. Israeli loudspeaker trucks roamed the Sinai urging them to surrender. When they did, they were given food and drink.

On the other hand, Israel's 325,000 Arab citizens performed with surprising energy and loyalty in the brief war, knocking down government fears that they might constitute a fifth column.

Center background: the Dome of the Rock.

ON FACING THE REALITY OF ISRAEL

FOR months and perhaps years, debate will rage about the borders of Israel and about how much (if any) of its conquered territory it has a right to keep. That debate, while important, is secondary. The real issue is not Israel's specific size or shape but its basic right to exist. Most of the world has accepted and acknowledged that right, but not the Arabs. After their disastrous defeat, the Arab leaders still proclaim that their ambition is to build up enough strength to eradicate the state of Israel some day, even if it takes generations. They sound a little like Russian Czar Peter the Great, who remarked that he would force the Swedes to defeat him until "they teach us how to beat them."

Whether the Arabs really mean it—in the Western, rational sense of meaning something—or whether they are merely caught up in a phantasmagoria of words, is beside the point. The Arabs have shown time and again that they are the prisoners of their hyperbole. Their refusal to accept Israel as a fact of life is at the bottom of the whole Middle Eastern conflict, of the war just concluded and of the diplomatic battles about to begin. If the Arabs recognized Israel, a territorial settlement would be relatively easy.

Do the Arabs have a case that goes beyond mere fanaticism? That question is linked to a series of other, deeper questions: What is a nation? What is a state? How does a people achieve the standing of nation or state?

The Ways to Nationhood

History, political science and even that elusive discipline, international law, are in substantial agreement on the answers. A nation is "a body of people who feel they are a nation," says Harvard Political Scientist Rupert Emerson. What is essential is "the sense of common identity, the sense of a singularly important national 'we' which is distinguished from all others who make up an alien 'they.'" In the long jostling of history, a group would stake out a territory and fight to defend its boundaries against any "theys." In short, a nation becomes a state when it has the power to occupy and hold a given amount of space and when other nations recognize this fact. This may not seem just or fair. It may smack too much of raw force and various doctrines of "the survival of the fittest" or "the territorial imperative" that have been used to justify force. Yet these basic conditions—identity, tradition, ability to stake out a territory, govern it and win recognition—are the only real criteria for sovereignty.

The rise and fall of nations is an endless process of territories being joined

and rejoined in varying mosaics, of people displaced and resettled, of power expanding and contracting. A new nation may be established through conquest, as was England when the Normans defeated the Anglo-Saxons, who had in turn shaken off the Danes, who had in turn put down the Anglo-Saxons. The original population of France was subdued by the Romans, whose remnants were driven out by the Franks, who in turn established an empire that under Charlemagne embraced large parts of Germany and Italy. In most cases of nation building through conquest, sheer force is not enough; there must be emotional and psychological power at work that sooner or later legitimizes the seizure and leads to an amalgamation of conquerors and conquered. Otherwise, the process of conquest is reversed. This has happened countless times. A classic example: Netherlanders rebelled against the rule of Spain in the 17th century, and the Belgians in the 19th century rebelled against the rule of The Netherlands. The rebels, for their part, must be able to make their rebellion stick and have it recognized by the world.

New countries may be established through a combination of immigration and revolution, as in the U.S. and Latin America, where settlers cut loose from their colonial masters. The process may also occur through a kind of rebirth—a deliberate revival of an ancient state or civilization in a new form, often but not always accompanied by revolutionary war. Modern Greece fought for its independence from the Ottoman empire partly in the name of its ancient, glorious incarnation, and modern Germany struggled for national unity remembering its identity under the Holy Roman Empire.

The breakup of empires has always given rise to new states. After World War I, the Paris Peace Conference put together Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia from disparate (and still not fully united) remnants of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and independent Serbia. The collapse of the colonial empires after World War II brought about a rash of such arbitrary creations. Many ex-colonial countries had sovereignty conferred on them by their former masters under the U.N.'s aegis, without the often salutary experience of having to fight for their freedom. Such countries are apt to be based on arbitrary old colonial boundaries. They are either so small that they have no independent viability, as in the case of Chad or Dahomey or Upper Volta, or else so large and composed of such disparate tribes that they have no common sense of nationhood, as in the case of Nigeria.

In the creation of modern Israel,

traces of most of these precedents can be found—conquest, war of liberation, immigration, rebirth, international action—although no really close parallel exists. Judaism is a unique mixture of race, nationality and religion. There is no other people that has been dispersed for so long from its original home, yet has maintained the memory of that home as a living reality.

The Homeland Plea

Almost every text and ritual of the Jewish faith recalls the land that the Biblical Israelites seized from the Canaanites and to which, according to *Genesis*, Abraham received the title deed from God. This religious tradition has maintained a sense of community among Jews scattered over the world since the Romans destroyed the Palestine Jewish community in A.D. 135. For centuries, Passover and Yom Kippur services have ended with "Next year in Jerusalem!" And the Psalmist sang:

*I'll forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand
forget its cunning.*

The Arabs, too, have deep roots in Palestine and an undeniable moral claim: therein lies the tragedy of the situation. They seized the country in the wave of conquest launched by the successors of Mohammed in the 7th century after Christ, and later wrested it back from the Christian Crusaders. Arabs have lived in Palestine for 1,300 years, and until recently made up the vast majority of the population. To Arabs, the Israelis are newcomers who in a generation or two wrested the land away from them. For the Moslems, too, Palestine has sacred connotations: tradition holds that the Prophet visited Heaven by ascending a ladder of light from the spot that is now marked by the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem.

The Jews' religious, emotional and historic claim to Palestine as their homeland is probably stronger than the Arabs', but by itself the homeland plea can never be sufficient. In countless other cases, that plea and its underlying impulse have dissipated themselves. If it were not so, confusion would be considerable: the Celts could claim England; the Ainu, Japan; and the American Indians, the U.S.

The Jewish claim to modern Palestine is more realistically based; it derives from the territorial mandate that the British received from the League of Nations after the collapse of Turkey in World War I and later passed on to the U.N. That mandate incorporated the Balfour Declaration, promising the establishment of a Jewish national home in Palestine. Most of the Arab states now contesting Israel's claim did not

exist themselves at the time, but a few Arab leaders agreed to the Balfour Declaration (whose meaning may or may not have been clear to them). The majority of Arabs probably disagreed.

The fact is that in 1947 the U.N. proposed partition of Palestine between Arabs and Jews. The Arabs objected to the plan; the Jews accepted. In 1948, Israel proclaimed itself a state, and the world so recognized it. Karl Deutsch, professor of political science at Yale, compares the establishment of Israel to an act of "eminent domain," carried out by the world community.

The Arabs immediately attacked the new state and were decisively beaten back. In another day, the war would probably have continued until one side sued for peace, thus settling the matter at least for a time. But the U.N., with the best of intentions, halted the war

long before Israel could expand its territory to the boundaries that its real strength could command. The U.N.-negotiated armistice lines of 1949 reflected an unequal balance of power. Says Harvard Government Professor Nadav Safran: "The Arab-Israeli conflict was the first international conflict in which the notion of 'no-war, no-peace' got established. Had the big powers not interposed their protection—thus taking pressure off the Arabs in 1949—peace would have been concluded, and people would probably be talking today about the natural affinity of Semites, instead of their mysterious obstinacy."

For nearly 20 years Israel has existed as a nation, its status so confirmed by its membership in the U.N. as well as by its own plain ability to function. The fact that it has done so with outside help is hardly the point. Most countries today require outside help to survive, including most of those lined up

against Israel diplomatically. In fact, many have demonstrated less of a right than Israel, by the usual criteria, to be considered sovereign states.

If Israel's right to exist must be conceded, what of its right to keep some of its recent territorial conquests for the sake of security? On that point, Israel is more vulnerable. Yet its claim follows logically from the fact of its existence and from Arab belligerence. As Yale Law Professor Myres McDougal puts it: "Under the U.N. Charter, a nation is not supposed to acquire territory by force. But the Charter doesn't require a country to be a sitting duck."

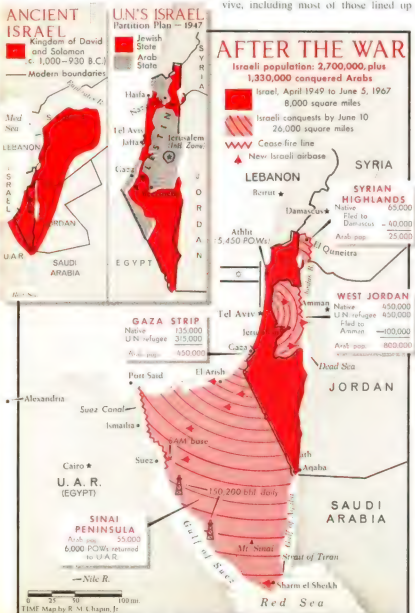
Israel's argument that it acted in self-defense is based not only on the fact that the Egyptian blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba was generally considered an act of war. It is also based on the Arabs' two-decade record of demanding and working for the extermination of Israel, contrary to U.N. resolutions. Whether Israel needed to go quite so far as it did in self-defense is a question that may agitate some international lawyers—but hardly any military men. The U.N. lines, the Israelis can argue, are not a permanent frontier, hence they have the right to adjust their boundaries to ensure their security in the absence of a peace treaty.

The Need for Protection

If the Arabs were to agree to negotiate a peace with Israel, thereby acknowledging its existence, the situation would be changed immediately. The case for Israel's retaining its conquered territory would be sharply diminished, if not wiped out. Compensation of all kinds to the Arabs, including a settlement of the bitter refugee problem, would become possible.

How long can the Arabs hold out against negotiating a peace, and thus against the fact of Israel? Perhaps longer than most Westerners can imagine. Too much of Islam is an arrested culture that has never undergone a true political revolution or a religious reformation that could move it into the modern world. What divides the Arabs from Israel is not merely tradition or religion—for centuries past, Jews were far more tolerantly treated by Arabs than by Christians—but a culture gap. Israel, which in size constitutes less than .2% of the Arab lands, is hated by the Arabs in part because it is a successful, modern, Western state. It stands for all the things the Arabs resent, and yet want. If and when the Arabs manage to enter the Western-style 20th century, they may be able to defeat Israel; more significantly, they may then no longer feel the need to do so.

The sad persistence of the Arab attitude is perhaps the strongest argument for Israel's need to protect itself. Since the U.N. has shown its inability to protect them, Israelis argue that they can give up the real estate they deem essential to their security only if the Arabs agree to peace—and to reality.



transported to Suez and released, to go home. Some also got food and water from the desert's Bedouins—if they were willing to pay their fellow Arabs for it.

Captured: Nine Generals. The human cost of the war reflected its unequal outcome. The military death toll was estimated by Jerusalem at 2,000 Syrians, 8,000 Jordanians, 10,000 Egyptians—and 679 Israelis. The Israelis captured 11,500 Arab soldiers (including nine generals), returned 6,000 of them, and offered to send back the rest in exchange for the 16 Israeli P.O.W.s, mostly downed pilots, held by the Arabs. In money terms, Israel estimated that the war cost it only \$100 million, against \$2 billion for the Arabs. The Israelis captured several times their own outlay's worth of Arab equipment. Included in the haul are two Soviet SAM missiles and their sites, more than 200 Russian tanks in mint condition, and uncounted thousands of weapons and vehicles—all abandoned by fleeing troops.

Running From Defeat

Stunned beyond belief, shaken beyond admission, still unable to comprehend the disaster, the Arab world last week lurched violently between collapse and retribution. It could no longer make war, but refused to make peace. It had lost its armies, but was desperately determined not to lose its face. Instead, it indulged in an orgy of breast-beating, rationalizing, complaining and threatening that seemed intended to prove both that the Arabs had won the war and that someone else was to blame because they had lost it. "Defeat exists only for those who admit it," said Cairo's semi-official newspaper *Al Gumbhria*. "We do not admit it."

TV From China. Despite such exercises in extended solipsism, the defeat could not be hidden. What was left of

Jordan was swarming with refugees from the overrun west bank of the Jordan River. Amman's normal population of 300,000 was swelled by at least 100,000 refugees, many of whom arrived with their feet bleeding, their earthly possessions left behind. Schools, mosques and public buildings were converted into sleeping quarters, and thousands of refugees bedded down on sidewalks, in doorways or on the city's rocky hillsides. They foraged in garbage cans for food, which quickly became scarce—and, thanks to profiteering, impossibly expensive. King Hussein's government set up two refugee camps, and other Arab nations sent emergency relief shipments of food, clothing and money. With its usual spirit of Arab brotherhood, fanatic Syria detained a Lebanese government convoy of 70 trucks for twelve hours before allowing it to proceed to Amman.

No less grim was Cairo, which seemed seized at once by confusion, hysteria and dismay. Unshaven soldiers guarded major intersections and the Nile bridges. Walls were still plastered with tattered victory posters depicting the Egyptian eagle pouncing on the viper of Israel. For no apparent reason, there was a half-hour air-raid alarm during the lunch hour one day. Newsstands hawked such paperbacks as *The Defense of Towns and House-to-House Fighting*. The government warned that watches, cigarette packs and fountain pens found in the streets were probably booby traps dropped by Israeli planes. Only one of the city's three television stations was broadcasting, and it had been forbidden to carry such "imperialist" programs as *Guns and Smokes*, had to make do with local talent and thrillers from Peking, including *Women Locomotive Drivers in China*.

The Egyptian people had not yet been told of the extent of the debacle. There

were no announced casualty figures, no lists of wounded or missing, no mention of the fact that Israel held the east bank of the Suez. Egyptian officials evacuated part of the population of El Qantara, site of a bridge across the canal, to prevent townsfolk from seeing the stream of ragged, handaged soldiers dragging homeward. But the troops returned with tales, and the marketplace of Cairo buzzed with rumors. In the streets of Cairo, people spat on their own army officers.

"Attack, Attack & Attack." Defeat did not bring disaster to Arab political leaders. The Israeli attack on Syria seemed to have saved, for the time being at least, the wild-eyed Baathist regime of President Nourreddin Attassi. Jordan's King Hussein, whose outgunned troops fought the Israelis for every inch of land, became the hero of all the Arabs. A cheering crowd in Amman converged on the King's Cadillac limousine, picked it up and carried it five yards to demonstrate their adulation. Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, a longtime enemy, paid tribute to Hussein's "personal courage."

The image of Nasser still burned bright in the eyes of the Egyptian masses. If ever a fellow needed a friend, it was now, and the masses believed that only "Jamal"—Nasser—could lead them to repel the enemy. Cairo police reported that in the few hours from the time that Nasser "resigned" and then changed his mind, a record number of suicides took place. When he heard of the resignation, a soldier guarding a Cairo bridge howled like a wounded animal, fired his machine gun into the Nile until it was empty.

Nasser's generals made convenient scapegoats for him. He dismissed eleven of them, including the commanders of his army, navy and air force and Field Marshal Abdel Hakim Amer, his lifelong friend, brother-in-law and deputy commander-in-chief. Of course, the generals had not performed so brilliantly. They had convinced Nasser that Egyptian tanks could defeat the Israelis in two days. Boasted one dapper general just before the fighting broke out: "Montgomery was a good general, but a little cautious. Now as for me, I say attack, attack and again attack." He was last seen at a P.O.W. camp in Israel. When the shooting started, the troops at the front found themselves with no more than a day's supply of food, water and ammunition. Led by their officers, entire units broke and ran at the first sight of Israeli tanks. Of the 150,000 soldiers reportedly massed along the Sinai front, fewer than 30,000 stuck around long enough to do battle with the enemy.

The Egyptian military purges are apparently just beginning. All officers have been confined to their posts, all returning troops to their barracks. The generals and colonels who once flocked around Nasser's presidential villa have disappeared, their places taken by a clique of young captains and majors



ISRAELI SOLDIERS RELAXING AT SUEZ CANAL. Meanwhile, Arabs swam the Jordan.



SYRIA'S ATTASSI & NASSER IN CAIRO
Each weapon has a flaw.

who have long been fed up with their high-living superiors. "For years, I have deprived the people for the army," Nasser told a friend last week. "But when the time came that I needed support, it was the people who gave it."

Many Arabs were still convinced that their prime enemies are the U.S. and Britain—along with Israel. Al Ahram, Nasser's favorite newspaper, charged that the CIA goaded Israel to attack, and that just before the war the Pentagon shipped Israel 450 warplanes, 400 tanks and 1,000 pilots and navigators. Throughout the Islamic world, Moslem nullahs proclaimed American and British products unholy. Libyan mobs destroyed liquor stores as symbols of Anglo-American "imperialism," and King Idris demanded that the U.S. abandon its Wheelus Air Force Base. Egypt and Syria closed their ports to U.S. and British ships; Sudanese and Iraqi dock workers refused to unload them.

Money Talks. Arab leaders figure that they can wield three economic weapons against the West. Each one, however, has a flaw.

The first is the Suez Canal, now blocked at both ends by scuttled Egyptian ships. Though Cairo says that they will not be removed until the Israelis retreat, the fact is that the Egyptians need the earnings of the canal (\$250 million a year) as much as other nations need the passageway. Egypt's economy is a shambles, and the war has gravely worsened it. The nation has a foreign debt of more than \$1 billion, an annual trade deficit of \$500 million, and more than half of its cotton crop—its principal export—is mortgaged to Communist-bloc nations to pay for past shipments of military hardware. Food is becoming increasingly scarce. The government long ago decreed three meatless days a week, has told Egyptians to eat macaroni instead of their beloved rice, and now faces the prospect of a macaroni shortage unless it can find a way to import vast quantities of wheat.

The second weapon is money. Croesus-rich Kuwait alone has nearly \$3 billion deposited in British banks, figures that by withdrawing that much, it could topple the pound sterling. Even if the Kuwaitis switched their accounts to Swiss banks (at lower interest rates), the Swiss would simply deposit most of the money in London's City, which alone is equipped to handle the Arab world's huge deposits.

The third weapon is oil. The Arabs refuse to ship any of their crude to the U.S. or Britain. Is that a real problem? The U.S. gets only 3% of its oil from Arab lands, could easily make that up by pumping more from its underused Texas wells. And the Arabs' friend, Russia, has already offered to sell Britain as much oil as it needs. The threat of nationalization of U.S. and British oil properties also seemed hollow. Though Algeria confiscated 13 U.S. oil companies last week, U.S. oilmen were still operating fairly freely in Egypt. In Saudi Arabia, the U.S.-dominated Aramco oil company resumed drilling.

Secret Talks. Some Arab moderates have already disclaimed the charge of U.S. involvement in the war, are anxious to maintain their ties to Washington. Tunisia's Habib Bourguiba is encouraging stranded tourists to visit his country. Even in Egypt, Foreign Office officials called in several Western European ambassadors last week, secretly asked them how Nasser could mend his relations with Washington without losing face. For all of Nasser's pro-Soviet posturing, the Communist Party is still outlawed in Egypt, and he does not want to plunge irrevocably into the Russian camp.

The Russians are also disenchanted with the Arabs. In one Middle Eastern capital after another, Russian diplomats were advising Moscow against wasting more MIGs or money on the Arabs. Just before the war started, high-level So-

viet officers visited Egyptian positions and were horrified to find that tanks were placed too far forward, artillery was improperly positioned, and warplanes were lined up like sitting ducks. The Soviets reported all this in detail to the Egyptians, who chose to ignore the warning.

With or without Russian aid, however, all Arab nations intend to pursue the battle against Israel. Almost without exception, their leaders reject Israeli peace terms, swear that they will neither negotiate with the Israelis nor recognize their existence. Last week, in the face of devastating defeat, the Arabs were quoting to each other an old saying by Mao Tse-tung: "Fight, fail, fight again, fail again, but fight on to final victory."

RED CHINA

Peking's Big Blast

Seismographs in Tokyo and Seattle shuddered from a distant explosion last week. From Peking came a boastful announcement: "China successfully exploded her first hydrogen bomb over the western region today." The Chinese left no doubt that the explosion was meant as a political blast. Calling it "a splendid achievement of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution," Peking added: "China's hydrogen-bomb test will give very great support to the people of Viet Nam, fighting against the U.S., and to the Arab people, who are resisting the Israeli aggressors."

The timing was contrived. The news flashed from Peking within an hour after the U.N. General Assembly convened. For all Peking's bluster, however, the Chinese are obviously too far removed from the Middle East to interfere. Since they set off their first A-bomb on Oct. 16, 1964, they have been unable to gain any diplomatic leverage from their nuclear capacity. The U.S.



REFUGEE CAMP IN JORDAN
Some Arab brothers remembered.



VIET CONG GIRLS IN JUNGLE UNIFORM FACTORY
Please postpone love, marriage and childbirth.

has been expecting the Chinese to go H ever since last fall. American experts detected traces of enriched uranium in the fallout of China's third and fifth A-bomb explosions—clues that it was developing nuclear triggers to set off hydrogen warheads. U.S. experts guessed that last week's bomb, which was detonated in the air over the Sinkiang desert, was probably a standard fission-fusion-fission device in the "several megaton" range.

Fortunately, the Chinese so far have only lumbering, overage Soviet-designed bombers on which to carry their H-bombs. But they test-fired an intermediate-range (1,000 miles) missile last October. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara has warned that the Chinese will have effective IRBMs in limited numbers by 1969, and ICBMs capable of reaching the continental U.S. by the mid-1970s. Last week's H-blast was certain to step up clamor in Congress for an immediate start on the deployment of an anti-ballistic missile net. It may also prompt India and other nations to decide to build their own nuclear weapons.

Despite the Disorders. If any country ever seemed too irrational to possess weapons of mass destruction, it is Mao Tse-tung's China. In the nine months since the aging (73) Mao launched his xenophobic Cultural Revolution, China has lurched dangerously close to anarchy and hysteria. Government control has broken down in vast areas. Even Mao's own forces of Red Guards, workers and army troops have started fighting among themselves. The wall posters in Peking tell of daily bloody battles, riots and vandalism all across the stricken land. Red China's blast showed that, despite all of the disorders, its nuclear program was moving relentlessly ahead.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Victoria Charlenes

Hard-hit by mounting battle losses and a dwindling supply of young men to conscript, the Viet Cong are finding it difficult to keep their ranks well filled. As a result, they are turning more and more to women to help the war effort. Backing up Victor Charlie—the G.I.'s name for the Viet Cong—are the female Victoria Charlenes, some of whom actually fight. The V.C.'s attractive, much-advertised heroine, Ta Thi Kieu, packs four rifles at a time and boasts that she has participated in 33 battles. The vast majority of the Victoria Charlenes perform the myriad tasks that are needed to aid a guerrilla army operating in a hostile countryside without modern systems of supply, transport or communications.

Little Old Ladies. Distaff Communists cut and stitch uniforms for the Viet Cong in jungle-hidden factories replete with Singer sewing machines. They assemble rifle grenades and Claymore mines and devise booby traps. Carrying double baskets, they act as the Viet Cong's trucks, toting rice and ammunition to the front lines. Once there, they help dig trenches and fortify bunkers, nurse and evacuate the wounded, bury the dead. They operate radios and typewriters, handle the blizzard of paper work required by the meticulous V.C. bureaucracy. Allied troops have recently captured several of the sullen, sleep-eyed Victoria Charlenes.

Women are also a vital part of the enemy's recruitment program. In a fetching ceremony of farewell to village life, V.C. maidens drape departing youths with flowers. Women are also entrusted with keeping in line those villagers who remain behind. Song-and-dance teams ride the circuit of V.C.-held territory to

help in the task, crooning the latest political messages. The enemy has not overlooked the immemorial value of women in espionage. In smaller towns, nearly every market has a sharp-eyed little-old-lady vendor who is not what she seems. In Saigon the seamstresses in tailor shops often provide convenient message drops for the Viet Cong.

For the younger set, a chance for action is provided through the Viet Cong's "assault youth companies," composed of teen-age girls and boys. The companies carry supplies and help police battlefields. They earn 30¢ a month. If the girls, who are 17 and up, become pregnant while on active duty, they get two months' leave and a maternity benefit of \$2.25. Eventually they are expected to graduate into the ranks of the Viet Cong proper, an estimated 10% of whom are women. Last week U.S. Marine Lieut. General Lewis W. Walt reported that in some parts of South Viet Nam, as much as 29% of the Viet Cong guerrilla force is female.

"New Morality." Lately, the Viet Cong have been trying to recruit more women. Their propagandists argue that the size of guerrilla and hamlet forces could be increased 50% overnight with the proper infusion of womanpower in the fetch-and-carry job echelons. The National Liberation Front has its own civilian association for women, with a complete program of awards, honor rolls and instant good-conduct guides.

Chief exhorter of the Victoria Charlenes, Mme. Nguyen Thi Dinh, is the Viet Cong's deputy commander in South Viet Nam. The author of the "new morality" for women in arms, Mme. Dinh tried to instill a "Three Postponements" campaign: Postpone love, marriage and childbirth. It was not a notable success. Viet Cong men in one area even organized a "Three Struggles" countermovement: Find a mistress, fall in love—and prevent Mme. Dinh's precepts from becoming the law of Viet Cong lands.

Battle of Ballots

Another kind of battle is beginning in South Viet Nam. It is not a battle of bullets but of ballots. Next Sept. 3, the country's 5.2 million eligible voters will be able to select their first President since Ngo Dinh Diem, who was assassinated in 1963. In a fractious, war-racked country, a weak victor could prove disastrous. A sensible leader, by establishing a popularly based government, could do much to assure stability, security and a democratic destiny for South Viet Nam.

The election campaign does not officially begin until July 19, but for all practical purposes it swung into full

—The South Vietnamese government also uses women, but not nearly so many. Saigon recently stopped the practice of recruiting women for rural pacification teams, ruling that the job has become too hazardous. The 2,400 women in the South Vietnamese army serve only as clerks and interpreters.

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speed last week. Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, who announced his candidacy in May, hurried around the country, recruiting support from top generals, impressing the populace with displays of calculated generosity, and keeping his name in the headlines by demanding that 140,000 more U.S. troops should be sent to South Viet Nam. At the same time, his most serious rival, Lieut. General Nguyen Van Thieu, who is Chief of State, formally declared that he is a candidate and began campaigning.

Many U.S. and Vietnamese officials feared that a showdown between the two prideful generals might split the army, which is the primary unifying force in Viet Nam. They thus hoped that one or the other would retreat from the race. But, vowed Thieu, "I do not intend to withdraw."

Super President. For anyone with strong nerves and a desire for power, the presidency is quite a prize. Under the new constitution, the President has all the prerogatives of the U.S. Chief Executive, and then some. He hires and fires the Premier and the entire Cabinet, serves as Commander in Chief of the armed forces, sets both domestic and foreign policy, oversees the budget, has patronage aplenty, and in time of emergency rules by decree. The job would be a significant step up for Ky, whose present powers as Premier are substantial but ill-defined, or for Thieu, whose Chief of State position, outwardly at least, is largely ceremonial.

As a candidate, Thieu has some advantages. In a land that reveres age, he is slightly older (44 to 36) than Ky. He is a native of South Viet Nam and married to a woman from the Delta, while Ky suffers from the disadvantage of being a Northerner. Quiet and unobtrusive, Thieu commands more respect among his fellow generals than Ky, who is resented by many for being too cocky and pushy. Thieu also outranks Ky in the military, three stars to two.

A Dragon & Salems. Largely because he holds the nation's No. 1 job now, Ky is the undisputed front runner. He is not at all reluctant to use his government power for his own advantage. His campaign symbol—a flying black dragon—is seen nightly on the state-owned television channel. He has sprinkled the countryside with billboards that woo the small man: THE GOVERNMENT OF NGUYEN CAO KY IS THE GOVERNMENT OF THE POOR. He has bid for the votes of the 620,000 soldiers and 220,000 civil servants by granting them 15% raises. His ally, National Police Chief Nguyen Ngoc Loan, is using his own persuasive powers among the provincial chiefs, and the boss of the pacification program is doubling as Ky's campaign manager. Government censors, controlled by Ky, play up news about him while playing down Thieu.

Ky is also ahead because he has been campaigning conspicuously for weeks.

He has played up to Saigon's rich Chinese community by promising to give them back schools and hospitals seized by Diem. He has developed campaign gimmicks that go over surprisingly well. He likes to single out an obviously impoverished member of a crowd and whip out his own wallet, hand over all the money in it—usually \$2 to \$20. A Ky aide then replenishes the wallet. Similarly, Ky often offers one of his Salem cigarettes to a bystander, lights it up and asks how he likes it. When the fellow allows that Ky's smokes are smooth, the Premier hands over the whole pack.

Subsidies & Skeptics. In the slim hope that the two generals will split the vote so evenly that a lesser-known man might score an upset, eight civilian candidates have entered the race. Only two command enough country-wide support

SOUTH KOREA

Shattered Peace

Seven weeks ago, another struggling Asian nation—South Korea—staged its most peaceful postwar election as voters quietly returned reform-minded President Chung Hee Park to office for another four-year term. Last week, after separate elections for the National Assembly, South Korea suddenly reverted to its old noisy ways. For five straight days, thousands of high school and university students boiled through the streets of Seoul and 14 other cities, waving angry placards ("We demand new elections"), throwing rocks and bottles, and fighting through a police harp of tear gas and night sticks.

The target of their wrath was not so much Park himself as some candidates of Park's Democratic Republican Party



PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES THIEU & KY
For the generals, a new kind of campaign.

to be serious contenders. One is Phan Khac Suu, 62, an experienced statesman who was Chief of State in 1965 and is now chairman of the Constituent Assembly, which drafted the new constitution. The other: Tran Van Huong, 63, a coolie's son who rose to become Premier for three months in 1965, until he was deposed by an army coup that ultimately resulted in the present regime of ruling generals.

Though Ky has decreed that each candidate will receive a \$90,000 government grant for campaign expenses and that all will have equal opportunity for government transportation and television time, the civilians in the contest are skeptical about his pledge that "it will be a fair election." Some of them appealed to the U.S. mission in Saigon for help. The U.S., however, is striving to remain impartial and uninvolved. From Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker on down, U.S. policy is that the election is strictly a South Vietnamese affair and that the U.S. can live with whoever wins. From all indications, it can indeed. Not one candidate has suggested lessening the Allied war effort.

(D.R.P.). In the Assembly elections two weeks ago, the D.R.P. won 130 of the Assembly's 175 seats; that was a gain of 20—far more than expected. The minority, more traditionalist New Democratic Party (N.D.P.) accused the winners of stuffing ballot boxes, doctored tally sheets and bribing voters and vote counters alike in at least 20 of the country's 131 constituencies. Unless Park called new elections, the N.D.P. threatened, its 44 representatives would boycott the Assembly.

Park refused, but did order an investigation that turned up political hanky-panky on both sides. With that, the government arrested 100 N.D.P. campaign workers and another 70 from its own D.R.P. Among the latter were two successful Assembly candidates who were charged with election irregularities. The Justice Department accused one candidate of bribing poll officials and destroying at least 3,000 ballots cast for his opponent. Another D.R.P. winner was charged with buying votes. Park boot-ed both from the party, and ordered his D.R.P. leaders to take stern action against all other members "who had dis-

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graced the party by being involved in the election scandal."

When South Korea's students took to the streets, Park cracked down just as sternly. He temporarily closed 30 colleges and universities and 148 high schools. In scores of bloody skirmishes, police arrested more than 600 students for questioning, left 150 others injured. Yet for all the sound and fury, Park's government still seemed secure. His economic policies are working wonders in the tiny nation (TIME, May 5), and his courage in moving against his own fellow party members impressed many people. The government party contended, probably correctly, that the vote frauds were isolated irregularities and not part of a nationwide rigging campaign. At week's end the demonstrations tapered off. But the N.D.P. plans a series of rallies this week that could well detonate a new round of riots.

INDIA

Enterprise in Birth Control

India's government usually holds capitalistic impulses tightly in check. There is another impulse, however, that it has failed to curb, and so it is asking free enterprise for help in the most private of all sectors: birth control. Still far from its goal of keeping the growth of a highly fecund population (more than 500 million now) within the nation's food-producing capability, the Health and Family Planning Ministry has decided to enlist some of India's largest companies to distribute government-subsidized rubber condoms.

The government's 2,500 family-planning centers have been giving away those simplest and most primitive of contraceptives for some time, but the network is hardly adequate to service a nation of more than 566,000 villages. Even when a villager trudges 20 miles to a family-planning center to pick up a free condom, he may find the depot out of stock. Besides, many Indian peasants intuitively distrust any gifts from the government. The only really effective channel to the villagers is maintained by a few giant commercial enterprises that sell shopkeepers such everyday goods as soap, tea, cigarettes and matches. At the behest of the Ford Foundation, the Health Ministry began in 1966 to use this commercial pipeline for a pilot program in condom distribution in the Meerut District, an area of 3,000,000 people adjacent to New Delhi.

Instructions Included. The test seems to be working well, according to the distributor, Businessman Ram Saran Dass. Packages of the contraceptives are conspicuously hung up in groceries and betel-nut shops, and they are sold alongside candy, soda, neckties and other household items. All display India's ubiquitous family-planning emblem—a red triangle around a drawing of a family of four, the official ideal. The condoms carry the brand name *Nirodh*, a Sanskrit word roughly translatable as

"freedom from fear." Indian men have been enthusiastic customers, partly because the contraceptives cost less than 2¢ for a packet of three. Of course, there have been some problems. Though family planners had assumed that the contraceptive's shape would suggest the method of use, and enclosed instructions in each package just to be safe, the idea has sometimes been hard to get across. Government demonstrators stretched sheaths over bamboo sticks, but peasants wondered later why the magic did not work when they, too, faithfully stretched them over bamboo.

Even so, the test appears successful enough for India's new Health Minister, Dr. Sripati Chandrasekhar, who holds a Ph.D. in demography from New



DASS (RIGHT) & FAMILY PLANNING POSTERS
Along with candy and betel nuts.

York University, to try out the scheme on a nationwide basis in September. The Health Ministry is negotiating with such large firms as Lipton, Imperial Tobacco, Hindustan Lever, Union Carbide, and Tata Oil Mills Co. to handle distribution. The companies do not expect enormous profits from the birth control sideline, but they see it as a useful demonstration of cooperation between government and private enterprise. By enlisting the companies, New Delhi will have up to a million retail outlets at its disposal.

The Y.M.C.A. Method. Chandrasekhar agrees with critics that India's birth control efforts have been snarled by red tape and hurt by wishful thinking, such as his spinster predecessor's plea for *brahmacharya* (monklike abstinence). Nor does he place his hopes on any single method to defuse India's population time bomb. While other experts

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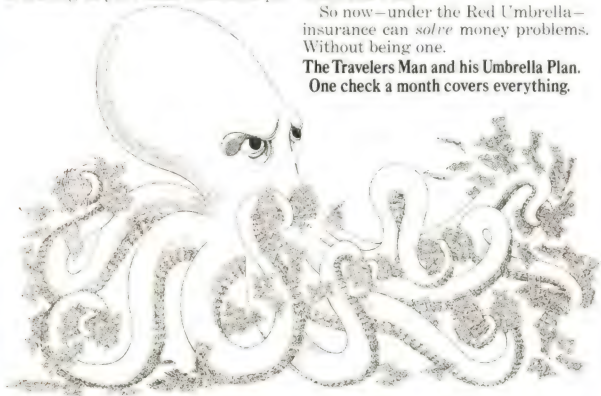
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have alternatively argued for the intra-uterine loop, sterilization or the pill, Chandrasekhar recognizes that none alone can provide the answer: popular fears of the loop and surgery bear him out. Instead, he vigorously favors a "calotomia approach," giving Indians the widest choice of birth control techniques. "We'll try everything from the Y.M.C.A. method (cold-water baths) to the pill," he says. But in his campaign to cut India's birth rate from 40 per 1,000 annually to 25 or even 20 per 1,000 in a decade, Chandrasekhar will also emphasize the rubber contraceptive.

With American aid, India recently bought 22 million condoms from Japan, and expects to buy another 50 million from the U.S. It is also constructing a plant in Kerala that will produce 270 million contraceptives a year by 1970. To make sure that all Indians get the message, the government will launch a nationwide "use condoms" advertising campaign. Making a pitch for the lucrative contract is another capitalistic enterprise—the U.S.'s J. Walter Thompson Co. (see U.S. BUSINESS). Explained one family-planning official: "We want the condom to be as well advertised as Coca-Cola."

THE CARIBBEAN

Can't We Be Americans?

Anguilla is hardly the proper setting for revolution. A 34-sq.-mi. coral dot in the Leeward Islands east of Puerto Rico, the island has rested languidly for 300 years under British rule. Without electricity or telephones, the 5,000 Anguillians earn a meager living from fishing, working a salt pond and occasional smuggling. In February, Britain tried to loosen its ties with this poor dependency by linking Anguilla with two larger and more prosperous islands to form the St. Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla federation, retaining control only of foreign affairs and defense.

To Anguillians, however, the end of colonialism did not mean the end of outside domination. They bristled when Prime Minister Robert Bradshaw, sitting in St. Kitts, refused to allow them to set up local governing councils, and they decided to hit back. In March, they chased out the island's chief administrator. Two months later, armed Anguillians ousted the 15-man police force and rolled out oil drums on the little Anguilla airstrip to make sure that they did not return. As occasional shooting continued to flare up in the torpid Caribbean nights, Bradshaw appealed to Britain to help quell the insurrection, but the foreign office said it was an internal matter. Last week the Anguillians tried a new tack: they declared their independence of Britain and asked to be put under U.S. rule. Hardly eager to field that small but hot potato, a State Department officer said that any request for a change in Anguilla's status would have to come from its mother country, Britain.



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PEOPLE

The 65 girls in the graduating class of the Shipley School in Bryn Mawr, Pa., listened with solemn commencement faces as **Dwight Eisenhower**, 76, spoke to them of the glories of education and the unwisdom of picking a political leader "by his beauty or by his shock of hair." All of a sudden the girls began giggling and looking nervously at their knee-length skirts. The former President, basing his remarks on the fact that "I have been looking at good-looking girls since I was six," sounded off with some unexpected and decidedly unpolitical opinions about ladies' fashions. "Ankles are nearly always neat and good-looking," said Ike, whose 18-year-old granddaughter Anne was among the graduates, "but knees are always knobby." Then he calmed the miniskirt generation by adding with a smile: "I know you don't agree with me. Neither do the women in my family."

As Eisenhower was pausing to study the knee, Britain's dashing **Prince Philip**, 46, was scouting the higher ground. On a visit to the fashion-design department at Salford Technical College, Lancashire, the duke's eye fastened disapprovingly upon a miniskirt worn by 18-year-old **Lorraine Hillier**. "You are not being generous enough," he chided. "Compared with others, you are not showing enough leg." Since her hem was already three inches above the knee, Lorraine could but blush and tee-hee, but later she went solemnly to the heart of the matter: "My boy friend would like them shorter too. He's like the duke. All men are the same."

Wisconsin's Democratic Senator **William Proxmire**, 51, is a man of such nut-brown energy that he begins the day with assorted sit-ups, nip-ups, bends, lifts, kicks, flutters, isometrics and 300 push-ups. Neither these nor his labors in the Senate give him quite the exercise he craves. Last week a startled photographer caught the Senator in sweatshirt and tennis shorts midway through a brisk jog from home to work—a lung-flaying distance of 4.7 paved miles between Cleveland Park and Capitol Hill that Proxmire traces every morning, retraces every night. He covers the route in 35 minutes, beating the bus by 15 minutes, and estimates that he saves "about \$1,000 a year by not having an extra car. The regimen agrees with me beautifully," says Proxmire, admitting to only one hardship: "When it gets near zero, my hands get awfully cold."

When it comes to exciting the citizenry, Flag Day usually ranks somewhere between Arbor Day and groundhog day, but Denver managed to come up with a bit of the old whoop and whistle last week. Some 20,000 people lined the streets as **Lieut. General Lew Walt**,

54, just back from his two-year stint as commanding officer of the Marines in Viet Nam, perched on the rear seat of a 1912 International Autowagon and led a parade of school bands, color guards, flag-waving children and the 70-man Marine Recruit Depot Band. Rousing as it all was, the real kick for Walt was his return visit to Colorado State University at Fort Collins, where the toughest general in the Corps posed beamishly in a football helmet, much like the one he'd worn as an all-conference guard and team captain in 1935.

Stealing 104 bases in the course of a season is certainly an achievement, but is it a religious, charitable, scientific, educational, artistic, literary or civic achievement? None of these, decided the U.S. Tax Court, ruling that cunning Pittsburgh Pirate infielder **Moury Wills** cannot claim the federal tax exemption for meritorious prizes on the jeweled, \$6,000 S. Rae Hickok belt that he won as Professional Athlete of the Year in 1962.

"Unequaled among the great gifts received by the Museum of Modern Art," exulted Director of Collections **Alfred H. Barr Jr.** After months of negotiations, the museum landed 100 works by 54 20th century painters and sculptors from the private collection of New York Dealer **Sidney Janis**, 70, a Buffalo-born former shirt manufacturer who began collecting contemporary art in the late '20s, opened his quick-stepping, publicity-prone Manhattan gallery in 1948. The collection, valued at upwards of \$2,000,000, has everything from Picasso and a \$50,000 Mondrian, which Janis bought from the artist in the '30s for \$70, to sculptures of Janis himself by Pop Dollmaker **Marisol** and Plaster-Caster **George Segal**.

Ireland managed no less than the national equivalent of a heat wave, with temperatures soaring to nearly 70° as **Jacqueline Kennedy**, 37, arrived at Shannon Airport with **Caroline**, 9, and **John-John**, 6, for a six-week vacation in "this land my husband loved so much." First came an 80-mile ride by chartered bus past waving onlookers in **Clare**, **Limerick** and **Tipperary**, before the Kennedys settled in at Woodstown House, a 40-room Regency mansion on the southeast coast overlooking a huge, secluded beach. To keep the holiday private, there is a roving band of 200 policemen, 30 armed detectives and two tag-along FBI agents. Most Irish newspapers echoed the *Irish Independent's* warning against "keyhole-peeping and shoreline-prowling." All the same, grumbled the *Cork Examiner*, noting that many public roads around Woodstown House have been set off limits: "Local holiday makers, too, are entitled to enjoy themselves without hindrance."



JACKIE KENNEDY RIDING AT WOODSTOWN
Behind the barricades.



PROXMIRE GOING TO WORK
Ahead of the bus.



GENERAL WALT AT COLORADO STATE
Back to school.

THE PRESS

REPORTING

Rather Not

Scene: the White House lawn. Time: after 10 p.m. on the night of a crucial U.N. Security Council debate on the Israeli-Arab conflict. Dramatis personae: CBS White House Correspondent Dan Rather and a camera crew that he kept on after others left, in hopes of getting a post-debate statement. TV lights are on, microphones are live, cameras off.

Enter, lawn left, Lyndon Johnson and Lady Bird, hand in hand. Double take by Rather. Then: "Good evening, Mr. President." Pleasantries. The President and the First Lady stroll on, then return to Rather. Cameras on by new, taping. Almost casually, the President tells Rather that developments of the day had kept the U.S.-Russia *détente* intact, had helped save the U.N. He had had "some exchanges" with the Russians—the first hard news on use of the hot line. Lady Bird tugs L.B.J. out of the light, but he returns. The Israelis are not going to give up easily what they have won, he says; they have always talked about Jerusalem, the west bank of the Jordan, the Syrian heights, Aqaba. Would they reach Suez? The President did not feel that anything would stop them. Good night, Dan. Good night, Mr. President.

An exclusive. A scoop. Rather. But hold on. The President did not know that the cameras were on, said Press Secretary George Christian, who passed the word to Rather via a CBS Washington, D.C., studio executive. Dan can use the material that he got as the basis of a news report, but as for use of the taped interview itself, the President would Rather not.



NEWS'S MOORE

NEWSPAPERS

Crusading in Indianapolis

Crime and public apathy toward it were on the rise in Indianapolis the night that Dr. Margaret Marshall, a 90-year-old retired psychologist and teacher, stepped from her doorway into a darkened street. Without warning, a mugger lashed out at her head with a blunt weapon and snatched her purse. When Dr. Marshall died of her injuries, the Indianapolis News was deluged with letters from infuriated women. Assistant Publisher Eugene S. Pulliam asked one of the paper's staffers, Margaret Moore, 56, to help 30 prominent civic-minded women to decide on a course of action.

That was in March of 1962. Since then, President Johnson's Crime Commission has decided that "the most dramatic example in the country of a citizens' group that has addressed itself forcefully and successfully to the problems of crime and criminal justice is the Anti-Crime Crusade in Indianapolis." To man the crusade, Margaret Moore mobilized the 50,000 members of more than 1,000 Indianapolis women's organizations. "The first six months," says Mrs. Moore, a widow, "we went to the power structure and listened to all their problems in crime prevention. Then we listened to outside experts explain ways of dealing with them." The view was the same from the male side of the fence: "They were around here for months asking questions before they made a move," says Police Chief Daniel T. Veza.

Down with Darkness. Even then, the police did not take kindly to the prospect of having a bunch of women tell

them how to run their business. Crusade Coordinator Moore and a co-worker camped at police headquarters for 48 hours, explaining in plain language at every roll call that they were there to help, not hinder. They proved their point by using the News to lobby for—and help get—raises for patrolmen. As the women rode along in squad cars for full eight-hour shifts, their determination helped win over the cops.

On one of these rides, a Crusade volunteer learned that a high percentage of violent crimes were committed on dark streets. "The worst," says Mrs. Moore, "were the semicommercial, semiresidential neighborhoods near the downtown area." More lobbying followed, and more newspaper stories; since 1962, about 9,000 new streetlights have been installed, at a cost of nearly \$1,000,000. Police figure that crime has dropped as much as 85% in the newly illuminated areas.

Shaking Up Courts. At the end of 1962, the women began a "court watcher" program. Some 3,000 women have sat in on more than 70,000 cases, filed out reports on the defendant, the charge, the plea, the verdict, the proceedings. Was the judge punctual? Were the attorneys prepared with their cases, or did they ask for a continuance? Was the arresting officer present to testify? Some attorneys disapproved, but court efficiency increased. "It's the only honest evaluation we get," says Judge William T. Sharp. "It shakes everybody up and makes us analyze our decisions."

As a by-product of court watching, the women learned that many youthful offenders were unaware of the laws they were breaking. The Crusaders translated 18 Indiana statutes that apply to minors into layman's language, published a booklet entitled *What Is the Law?* and distributed it last spring to 2,600 public and parochial schools. Learning that 90% of juvenile crimes were committed by school dropouts, Crusade volunteers contacted the youngsters, found donors to provide them with everything from tutoring to lunch money.

Of the 4,000 dropouts and near-dropouts that the women have dealt with, 2,000 have been persuaded to stay in or return to school. There they get the additional benefit of Crusade-sponsored lectures on juvenile law and crime by half a dozen police officers who tour the schools. The Crusaders also work with youths paroled from detention homes and sponsor seminars on shoplifting for merchants.

Under the Umbrella. All the effort has produced concrete results. In 1965, total crime in Indianapolis dropped 2.2%, while rising at a rate of 6% throughout the nation. Last year, although crime rose in the city by 5.2%, that was less than half the national surge of 11%. Meanwhile, Margaret Moore, former editor of a small-town Indiana weekly, who joined the News in 1952 after nine years as director of the Franklin (Ind.) College journalism department, keeps on working. The News, which



STREET PATROL

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This official seal of the Council on Podiatric Therapeutics of the American Podiatry Association has been granted to Quinsana Foot Products with this statement: "Quinsana Foot Powder, Penetrating Foam and Foot Deodorant are effective foot health aids and of significant value when used in a consistently applied program of daily foot care and regular professional treatment."

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TIME's job, in a world that gets more complex all the time, is to sort out the essential from the transitory, to get to the bottom of conflicting claims, to pierce through the propaganda and the puffery, to try to get the facts right and to make the conclusions sound.

from TIME Publisher's Letter

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pumped \$6,000 into the Crusade last year, refuses to take credit for her accomplishments. Says Editor M. Stanton Evans, who is also Mrs. Moore's son-in-law: "We provided the umbrella for this at first, and we will continue to support it. But the ladies run the Crusade."

EDITORS

Gadfly with a Sting

All Joseph A. Maloney wanted when he retired at 52 to Apalachicola, Fla., was a little fishing and the easy life. That was understandable. He had led anything but a peaceful existence as a crusading Indiana newspaper reporter and publisher, a U.S. intelligence agent just after World War II, and as a correspondent for the New York Daily News. Yet, when he tried to settle down to the relaxed life of a pensioner, the drab, rundown condition of Apalachicola set his hackles rising. The little Gulf town "was so depressed," he recalls, "that the only way it could go was up." What was holding it down, he decided, was the \$900 million Alfred I. du Pont estate that dominates the six-county area around Apalachicola on the Florida panhandle.

In the 1920s, Alfred I. du Pont broke away from the rest of his Delaware-based family and moved to Florida, where he used his money to start several banks. After his death in 1935, the trustees expanded his holdings, until today the Du Pont estate includes a string of utilities and industries, plus 1,000,000 choice acres of pine forest. Overseeing this domain was Du Pont's brother-in-law, Edward Ball, 77, one of the most powerful men in the state. Maloney was unawed, and craved action. In 1959, he bought a weekly, the Apalachicola Times, to prod the Du Pont interests.

Delinquent Taxes. By keeping so many acres tied up in timber, Maloney said, Du Pont was shutting out new industry and preventing the development of beach front that could attract much-needed tourist dollars. Beyond that, he insisted, the Du Pont interests were not paying their fair share of taxes. While Du Pont land was assessed at \$20 an acre, adjacent non-Du Pont land was assessed at \$100 an acre. When Maloney revealed that the Du Pont-owned St. Joe Paper Co. held assets that were undervalued by \$90 million, the embarrassed company was forced to pay \$153,317 in back taxes.

From time to time, other Florida newspapers had criticized Ed Ball and the Du Pont estate, but none so persistently as the Apalachicola Times. Even as a weekly with a circulation of only 2,100, the gadfly stung, and Du Pont tried to swat it. Roy Gibson, vice president of Du Pont's St. Joseph Telephone & Telegraph Co., charged in a public speech that Maloney was pursuing an "unprogressive anti-business policy," in his paper, Maloney replied with



APALACHICOLA'S MALONEY
Grits, grins and swats.

a \$200,000 libel suit. Arguing that his paper had constantly urged new business for Apalachicola, he testified that he had gone to Washington on his own initiative to persuade the Area Redevelopment Administration to designate Apalachicola a "depressed area." As a result, the town received federal funds to help build a \$120,000 water tank and a \$1,250,000 seafood-processing plant. Maloney was awarded libel damages of \$15,000. "People around here used to make the sign of the cross at the mere mention of Ed Ball's name," crowed Maloney. "At least I convinced 'em that the baron isn't invincible."

Cluttered Quarters. Reserved and soft-spoken when he is not behind his typewriter, Maloney puts out a four-page blend of local, regional and national news, characteristically provocative editorials, a humor column entitled "Grits and Grits," and a sprinkling of local ads 52 Fridays a year. At 65, he feels perfectly at home in the slow-paced, only occasionally combative life of Apalachicola. In turn, the townspeople feel at home with him, and only wish from time to time that he would cut down on his crusading. "Why don't you print more local news," a friend once asked him, "and stop stirring up so much about Ed Ball?" Parried Maloney: "If you can find anything more local than Ed Ball, show it to me and I'll print it."

Maloney presently publishes in a cluttered shack containing a flat-bed press and a captain's desk from an abandoned riverboat. Before the end of the summer, he plans to move into a new \$100,000 offset-printing plant and perhaps start a second paper. "We haven't even scratched the surface here," he says. "And I plan to keep at it until we get the Apalachicola economy on the move."



\$75 The Tire

If it only saves your life once, it's a bargain.

Before we part with a Uniroyal Master size 8.25-14 tire, we expect you to part with \$75 plus your old tire.

That's a lot of money for just one tire and frankly, you may wonder whether it's worth it.

The answer is no.

It's not worth it—as long as you

never have to burn up the road trying to get somewhere in a hurry.

As long as you never have to drive on a treacherous, rain-slicked road.

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And as long as you never drive down

a road that has a nail lying on it.

But if there's even a slim chance you may run into these situations sometime in the next 40 or 50,000 miles, \$75 isn't such a high price at all.

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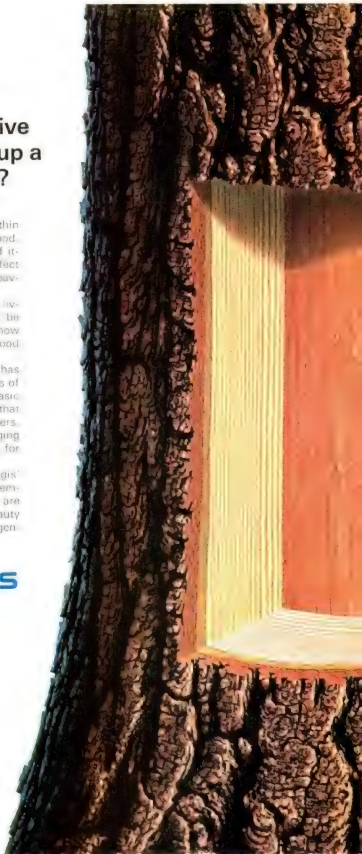
All of a tree trunk's growing is done in a thin layer of living cells that surrounds the wood. This layer creates new wood on one side of itself, and new bark on the other. It thus, in effect, moves outward, pushing the bark before it, leaving wood behind.

The marvelous chemistry of life tells this living layer just how many wood cells will be needed to support the leafy crown, and how much bark to build in order to protect the wood beneath it.

This complex process, infinitely repeated, has given the world its forests. To St. Regis it is of the greatest interest because trees are our basic resource. From them we derive the wood that gives us our products. We make printing papers, kraft papers and boards, fine papers, packaging products, building materials, and products for consumers.

Essentially, the life of the forest is St. Regis' life. That is why—together with the other members of the forest products industry—we are vitally concerned with maintaining the beauty and usefulness of America's forests for the generations to come.

ST REGIS





The outer bark is the most protective layer of the outside world. It is made of dead cells, with a thick, waxy coating. It is the first and greatest defense against insects, diseases, and weathering elements.

The inner bark, or phloem, is the tissue that carries food from the leaves to the rest of the tree. It is the first layer to die and turn to cork to become part of the protective outer bark.

The cambium cell layer is the growing part of the tree. It usually produces new bark and new wood. It responds to hormones that push down through the phloem with the food from the leaves. These hormones, called "auxins," make the power to stimulate growth in cells. Auxins are produced by leaf buds at the ends of branches as soon as they start growing in spring.


Sapwood is the tree's pipeline for water moving up to the leaves. Sapwood is new wood. As older rings of sapwood are laid down, the top of the sapwood cells lose their ability and turn to heartwood.

Heartwood is the central supporting part of the tree. Although dead, it is not decayed, so it is strong. The outer layers of the heartwood are made of thick, needlelike cells that are bound together by a chemical called lignin. It is made of wood as strong as steel. A piece 12" long and 1" in 2" in cross section will vertically can support a weight of nearly 1000 lbs.

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THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Move to Moderation

When the Supreme Court began its 177th term last October, most court watchers predicted an important but unspectacular session of settling earlier milestones more firmly in place. Last week, as the term closed in a heavy flurry of decisions (see following stories), it turned out they were right.

The 3,356 cases considered by the court produced only two decisions with



JUSTICE BLACK[®]
A surprising swing man.

any new national sweep: a ruling that juvenile courts must now give accused minors many of the rights that adults have, and last week's eavesdropping decision. Otherwise, criminal defendants made only modest gains. So did prosecutors and police, as the court eased certain standards for evidence admissible in trials, and upheld the right of police to arrest and search suspects on the basis of a reliable tip without revealing the informer's name.

Turned Corner. By throwing out Proposition 13, it ruled in favor of open housing in California, but it also served notice that it would not protect civil rights demonstrators who violate legitimate local laws. On obscenity, the court continued to find most works protected by the First Amendment. But it did suggest that distasteful purveying of borderline works or selling to minors may well be legitimate criminal offenses if legislation is drawn with proper narrowness. On individual rights, the court found that a U.S. citizen cannot be deprived of his citizenship for voting in another country's election.

Civil libertarians, like University of Pennsylvania Law Professor Anthony Amsterdam, feel that the court has "turned a corner," and that from now on the balance will shift against criminal defendants and civil rights demonstrators. But the new-found moderation might be better read as an indication

that many cases now reaching the court are no longer as clearly in violation of its reading of the Constitution. The court activists, who used to find themselves most often in the majority of 5-4 decisions, now increasingly lose at least one of their number to the restrainers. The man whom most regard as the key is Justice Hugo Black. He has emerged as a surprising swing man, but as one Justice Department court expert puts it, "Black hasn't shifted as much as many people think. It is the events that have moved."

Eavesdropping Legislation: Down—but Not Out?

Is bugging constitutional? The question is so complex that the nine Supreme Court Justices last week delivered no fewer than six different opinions on the subject. In the end, the answer seemed to be that it is probably constitutionally in theory, but perhaps constitutionally impossible in practice.

A concealed recording device authorized under New York's nine-year-old eavesdrop law had overheard Ralph Berger discussing his part in a bribery scandal that rocked the state's liquor authority four years ago. The question was whether or not the eavesdrop evidence was admissible against him. When the dissents and assents were sorted out last week, Berger was a free man and New York's law was knocked down.

The central problem raised was whether electronic eavesdropping constitutes an "unreasonable search and seizure" in violation of the Fourth Amendment. In order to get a search warrant, a policeman must show probable cause for the search. The New York eavesdropping statute included a similar requirement, but in the controlling opinion, Justice Clark found that it was too loose, considering the broad invasion of privacy made by a bugging device.

Success in Secrecy. "First," complained Clark, "eavesdropping is authorized without requiring belief that any particular offense has been or is being committed; nor that the property sought—the conversations—be particularly described. This leaves too much to the discretion of the officer executing the order. Secondly, authorization of eavesdropping for a two-month period," which the statute gives, is far too long. "Third, the statute places no termination date on the eavesdrop once the conversation sought is seized. Finally, the statute's procedure, necessarily because its success depends on secrecy, has no requirement for notice as do conventional warrants, nor does it overcome this defect by requiring some showing of special facts."

This was all too much for Justice White, who fumed in his dissent: "Today's majority does not, in so many words, hold that all wiretapping and eavesdropping are constitutionally impermissible. But by transparent indirection, it achieves practically the same result by imposing a series of requirements

for legalized electronic surveillance that will be almost impossible to satisfy." The real kicker, agreed Justice Black, is the court's final secrecy point. "Now, if never before, the court's purpose is clear," said Black. "Since secrecy is an essential, indeed a definitional, element of eavesdropping, when the court says there shall be no eavesdropping without notice, the court means to inform the nation there shall be no eavesdropping, period."

The majority does not actually say that, however, and it does imply that the "showing of special facts" could overcome the disability. The court's rule is confusing, but, says Columbia Law Professor Alan Westin, who has a hook on the subject due to come out soon: "If my life depended on drafting an acceptable eavesdropping statute along the lines of the decision, I think I would have a pretty good chance."

Anti-Miscegenation Statutes: Repugnant Indeed

Judge Leon Bazile looked down at Richard Loving and Mildred Jeter Loving as they stood before him in 1959 in the Caroline County, Va. courtroom. "Almighty God," he intoned, "created the races white, black, yellow, Malay and red, and he placed them on separate continents. The fact that he separated the races shows that he did not intend for the races to mix." With that, Judge Bazile sentenced the newlywed



THE LOVINGS AFTER VERDICT
Rather tight than depart.

Lovings to one year in jail. Their crime: Mildred is part Negro, part Indian, and Richard is white.

In Virginia, as in 15 other states (the number was once as high as 30), there is a law barring white and colored persons from intermarrying. The Lovings could have avoided the sentence simply by leaving the state, but they eventually decided to fight the Virginia anti-miscegenation law "on the ground that it was repugnant to the 14th Amendment." In rare unanimity, all nine Supreme Court Justices agreed last week that it was repugnant indeed.

Defending its stance, Virginia point-

* TIME cover, Oct. 9, 1964.

Top ball in top tour- nament U.S. Open.

	PLAYED TITELIST	PLAYED NEXT BALL
U.S. Open	53	22

The U.S. Open is golf's number one contest. There's more than money at stake—it's virtually the championship of the world. So when many more U.S. Open golfers play Titleist than any other ball, what else is there to say? Except, maybe, this Titleist has been the favorite in every other major tournament this year, too.

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ed to an 1883 Supreme Court ruling that since both white and Negro were equally punished, there was no discrimination. That being so, the Supreme Court could only interfere if there were no rational basis for the state's treating interracial marriage differently from other marriages. Since scientific evidence on that point is in doubt, contended attorneys for Virginia, the court should not intervene. Chief Justice Warren swept the argument away almost contemptuously. "There can be no question," he wrote, "but that Virginia's miscegenation statutes rest solely upon distinctions drawn according to race. We have consistently denied the constitutionality of measures which restrict the rights of citizens on account of race."

In recent years, the court had several times passed up the chance to slap down interracial marriage bans. Presented squarely with the issue, however, the court was ringingly clear. "There can be no doubt," wrote Warren, "that restricting the freedom to marry solely because of racial classifications violates the central meaning of the equal protection clause" of the 14th Amendment. No state anti-miscegenation law will be able to stand in view of that unqualified, uncompromising finding.

Libel Liability: Test for Public Figures

In *New York Times Co. v. Sullivan* four years ago, the Supreme Court laid down tough constitutional limitations on libel recoveries by public officials. "A defamatory falsehood relating to his official conduct," ruled the court, must be "made with actual malice"—that is, with knowledge that it was false or with reckless disregard of whether it was false or not." So much for public officials. But what of persons very much in the public eye, though not public officials? They too play an important part in shaping the course and creeds of the country. Should not the press be permitted to write about and discuss these "public figures" with the same freedom that it does public officials?

Strategy Revealed. Last week the court attempted to answer that question in deciding the separate libel cases of former University of Georgia Athletic Director Wally Butts and former Army Major General Edwin Walker. Both cases had created quite a stir from the start.

In 1963, during its era of "sophisticated muckraking," Curtis Publishing's *Saturday Evening Post* reported that Butts had revealed strategy secrets to Alabama Coach Paul ("Bear") Bryant, whose Crimson Tide thereupon rolled over Georgia in their 1962 football game, 35-0. Butts sued the *Post* and won a judgment of \$3,060,000, later reduced to \$460,000 by the trial judge.

Walker's case stemmed from his presence on the University of Mississippi campus during 1962 riots over the admission of Negro James Meredith. Dur-



BUTTS WALKER
Slow fix v. hot news.

ing those riots, the Associated Press reported, Walker had "assumed control of the crowd" and "led a charge of students against federal marshals." Alleging that that was tantamount to accusing him of inciting to riot (on which charge a federal grand jury refused to indict him), Walker sued A.P., won a judgment of \$500,000.

In last week's review, the Supreme Court upheld Butts's libel judgment, rejected Walker's. More important, it began to develop tests for determining when public figures can recover for libel, and when they cannot.

Accepted Standards. In Walker's case, the court was unanimous for reversal, although divided over the reason. Justice Black, joined by Douglas, argued, once again that "the First Amendment was intended to leave the press free from the harassment of libel judgments." Chief Justice Warren and Justices Brennan and White held that public figures must also prove "actual malice" in accordance with the Times formula, which Walker had not done.

Speaking for Clark, Fortas and Stewart, Justice Harlan applied a diluted Times standard. He pointed out that the riot news "required immediate dissemination." There was little reason for A.P. higher-ups to question the dispatch. The reporter was apparently reliable. His report was internally consistent and added Harlan, "would not have seemed unreasonable" to a person familiar with such prior Walker radio statements as one contending that the people had "talked, listened and been pushed around far too much . . ." (Harlan delicately declined to finish quoting Walker, who had added that the pushing was being done by "the anti-Christ Supreme Court.") "Nothing in this series of events," said Harlan, "gives the slightest hint of a severe departure from accepted publishing standards."

To Harlan and his three colleagues, quite the opposite was true in the Butts case. Harlan pointed out that the *Post* had faced no deadline in preparing the

"Sure they save money, but I wouldn't take a long trip in one."

Most people won't really go anywhere in small foreign cars if they can help it.

They're supposed to be easy on the wallet, but not too easy on anything else.

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The seats in the Renault 10, for instance, are so comfortable one critic said they hold their own in such august company as the Bentley Continental and the Rolls. Think about that.

And since you'd even get tired of your favorite armchair on a long trip, the front seats are made so you can tilt them forward and back. (Including all the way back if you want to pull over and snooze awhile.)

There are a few other things

about the Renault 10 that help make long trips feel shorter:

A healthy luggage compartment under the front hood that won't force you to live out of an overnight bag.

A sealed liquid cooling system that will not boil or freeze or roar at you.

Disc brakes and independent suspension on all four wheels.

A little furnace of a heater.

A rear-mounted, five-main-

bearing engine that eats up the miles (over 80 mph), but won't eat up the gas (an honest 35 mpg).

And finally, adjustable vents on the dash which direct a breeze on your face without giving you windburn. (Don't laugh. The bigger the trip the more the little things count.)

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"fix" article. Yet despite a denial from Butts, the magazine had taken not even the most elementary steps to verify its story. The original source had been an Atlanta insurance salesman and convicted check forger, George Burnett, who was accidentally plugged into a phone call between Butts and Bryant, *No Post* reporter even looked at Burnett's notes of the conversation before the article was published. Nor did anyone interview a man who was in the room with Burnett during the call. No attempt was made to view the game film, or to see if Alabama had changed its game plan, or to check the technical aspects of the story with a football expert. "In short," said Harlan, "the evidence is ample to support a finding of highly unreasonable conduct constituting an extreme departure from the standards of investigation and reporting ordinarily adhered to by responsible publishers."

Obscenity Quagmire. The four justices therefore upheld Butts. They were joined by Chief Justice Warren, who found that the *Post*, unlike A.P., had been guilty of "actual malice." To dissenting Justice Black, any test of "unreasonable conduct" on the part of publishers, as promulgated by Harlan, seemed a promise of new problems. "If this precedent is followed," warned Black, "it means that we must in all libel cases hereafter weigh the facts and hold that all papers and magazines guilty of gross writing or reporting are constitutionally liable, while they are not, if the quality of the reporting is approved by a majority of us. It strikes me that the court is getting itself in the same quagmire in the field of libel in which it is now helplessly struggling in the field of obscenity."

Other Decisions:

Union Fines & Line-Ups

Among the 13 decisions rendered by the court last week, four others were also worthy of note. By thin 5-4 majorities in all cases save one, the court:

► Upheld the conviction of Martin Luther King and others for marching in Birmingham in 1963 in defiance of a local court order (see *THE NATION*).

► Upheld the right of a union to collect union-imposed fines from members who ignore a majority strike vote and cross the picket line. In dissenting, Justice Black noted that the National Labor Relations Act makes it an unfair labor practice for a union to "restrain or coerce" employees from such acts. Black expressed mystification as to why fines did not constitute such coercion.

► Ruled by a 6-3 vote that an indicted suspect cannot properly be made to stand in a police line-up without his attorney present. The suspect may not, however, refuse police demands that he speak to enable a witness to identify him. In a related decision, the court found that a suspect may not decline to provide a handwriting sample even if his attorney is not present.

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This criminologist is developing a new way to catch a thief.

What's he doing at IBM?

"One reason a car thief is tough to catch," says IBM's Dick McDonell, trained criminologist and ex-police officer, "is because, in a matter of minutes, he can drive through dozens of police jurisdictions. By the time a stolen car report is relayed through all these districts, the thief can be out of the state."

But now the police have a new weapon against crime—an IBM computer. Dick McDonell joined IBM to help develop the computer's law-enforcement potential on a nationwide scale.

He and his colleagues have tightened the net around stolen cars by devising an information system that ties together more than 400 different police agencies.

Now, police can file "hot" car reports immediately from hundreds of remote terminals, all wired into a central IBM computer. A patrolman who suspects a car is stolen can radio in its license number—get an answer in seconds—and give chase if the car is hot.

This is just the beginning. Similar systems throughout the nation are also providing facts on such items as stolen goods, criminal records and outstanding warrants. And these growing networks are being tied together to make this information on crime available throughout the country.

"Computers can't make arrests," says McDonell. "But in a split second, they can give the policeman his most effective weapon against crime—information."

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Open Up, Tune In, Turn On

The snarl of an engine splits the stillness. Out of the half-light, the projected silhouette of a Piper Cub glides ghostlike across a side wall. Suddenly, sound track and silhouette become a screaming, whooshing jet that dives at the stage and disintegrates with a shattering roar in the midst of six musicians. The drummer roars back with a thumping beat. The guitarists twang away lustily. And, momentum building, voices wailing and all systems go-go, the Jefferson Airplane blasts off.

The launching pad is San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium, where for the past year and a half the combo with the singular name has fashioned a free-wheeling style of music that has made it the hottest new rock group in the country. The Airplane is the anointed purveyor of the San Francisco Sound, a heady mixture of blues, folk and jazz that began as the private expression of the hippie underground and only recently bubbled to the surface. Now, in such cavernous San Francisco halls as the Fillmore and the Avalon Ballroom, as well as in rollerskating rinks, movie theaters, veterans' halls, park bandstands, college gyms and roped-off streets from Pacific Heights to Haighttown, about 300 bands are inviting the faithful to "blow your mind" with the new sound. Hairy hippies all, they go by such fanciful names as the Mobz Grape, the Grateful Dead, the Allnight Apothecary, the Quicksilver Messenger Service, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Country Joe and the Fish, the Loading Zone, and the Yellow Brick Road.

Frock Coats & Turbans. In its permutations, the San Francisco Sound encompasses everything from bluegrass to Indian ragas, from Bach to jug-band music—often within the framework of a single song. It is a raw, raucous, rough-hewn sound that has the spark and spontaneity of a free-for-all jam session. Most of the groups write their own songs and, unlike most rock 'n' rollers, improvise freely, building climax upon climax in songs that run on for 20 minutes or more. It is a compelling entreaty to open up, tune in and turn on. Says one regular Fillmore irregular: "Fight it, stay aloof and critical, and you'll suffer one of the most painful headaches imaginable."

The sound is also a scene. With its roots in the LSD-neyland of the Haight Ashbury district, the music is a reflection of the defiant new bohemia, their art nouveau and madly mod fashions. Performances at the Fillmore attempt to induce psychedelic experiences without drugs. The hippies and teenyboppers, wearing everything from Arab caftans to turn hats to frock coats and turbans, huddle over sticks of burning incense, casually dash the floors and each other with fluorescent paint.

Free Love, Free Sex. As the pleasuring heat thunders out of six speakers with deafening insistence, blinding strobe lights flash in rhythm with the music; the walls swim with projections of amoeba-like patterns slithering through puddles of quivering color. Just as in other psychedelic-lit joints, such as Andy Warhol's Gymnasium in Manhattan, the aim is to immerse everybody in sound and sight. When the spell takes hold, young mothers with sleeping infants in their arms waltz dreamily around the floor; other dancers drift into a private reverie, devising new ways to

cer Dryden and Guitarist Jack Casady from jazz. Singers Jorma Kaukonen from blues and Grace Slick from pop. Together they produce a lilting, carefree music that crosses so many stylistic lines that they are the only rock group to be invited to both the Monterey Jazz Festival and the Berkeley Folk Festival, not to mention gigs with the San Francisco Symphony and TV's highbrow *Bell Telephone Hour*.

Preaching the rock 'n' roll is "the Sermon on the Mount, the greatest church in the last century," they like to call their music "love rock." Is that any way to run an Airplane? Yes. Formed just 21 months ago, the high-flying group now has both a single and



JEFFERSON AIRPLANE AT THE FILLMORE
An invitation to blow your mind.

contort their bodies. Some of the crowd sit in a yoga-like trance or, if that fails to satisfy, roll on the floor.

Says Airplane Paul Kantner: "There's a significantly greater communication between the music itself, the people who make it, and the people who listen to it than there was in Elvis Presley's day." One difference is that Elvis never had "acid rock" going for him. The Airplane's *Runnin' Round This World*, for example, is a number that, says Lead Singer Marty Balin, celebrates the "fantastic joy of making love while under LSD." Their latest single, *White Rabbit*, is a fantasy about a kind of Alice in Wonderland that is "aimed at the twelve-year-old junkie." Explains Grace Slick, a striking former model who gives the Airplane go-power with her big, belting blues voice: "It doesn't matter what the lyrics say, or who sings them. They're all the same. They say, 'Be free—free in love, free in sex.'"

Pop Potpourri. The crew aboard the Airplane is in their middle and late 20s. Musically, they represent a kind of pop potpourri: Balin and Kantner are refugees from folk music. Drummer Spen-

an album in the top ten bestsellers, commands \$5,000 for a performance. "The stage is our bed," exults Balin, "and the audience is our broad. We're not entertaining, we're making love."

TELEVISION

Every Living Room a Nabe

In the old days of TV, the *Late Show* was really late—decades, in fact. Before 1961, most pictures seen on TV had been made during World War II or before; the freshest was eleven years old. Now the networks are running out of the oldies and are buying newer films at a higher price; the living room is competing more and more with the "nabe" (neighborhood movie house). This fall, for example, the networks will be programming features that premiered just last year. Among the newer attractions for home screens next season: *Tom Jones*, *The World of Henry Orient*, *The Yellow Rolls-Royce*, *How to Murder Your Wife*, *The Pink Panther*, *The Collector*, *The Best Man*, *Topkapi*, *A Shot in the Dark*, *A Hard Day's Night*, *Hud* and *Ship of Fools*.

MUSIC



"B.G." AT THE RAINBOW GRILL
A cat who was hep before hip.

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Still Playing What He Feels

The couples stopped dancing and edged forward, still bobbing and clapping in rhythm. On the bandstand, his lips puckered into a smile around the mouthpiece and his thick eyebrows arched above horn-rims, Benny Goodman raised his wailing clarinet over the listeners' heads and set the pace for his sextet's jet-propelled delivery of *Air Mail Special*.

It could have been a scene from the late '30s, when Goodman's cheerfully crisp, driving style made him the King of Swing and started a new era in American music. Actually, it was Goodman's opening night last week at Manhattan's Rainbow Grill, high in the 70-story RCA Building. Typical of his sentimental sojourns into jazz in recent years, it created a momentary illusion that nothing much had changed. The dancers were mostly of the generation that grew up with him back when cats were hep instead of hip. The tunes were such period favorites as *Don't Be That Way* and *Stompin' at the Savoy*. Goodman's clarinet sound, although it missed some of the fiery flow of earlier years, was as limpid and nimbly melodic as ever.

Private Stock. But in fact a lot has changed, including the times and jazz—and Goodman's relation to both. For one thing, at 58, he now devotes at least a quarter of his professional life to classical music, and has emerged as a leading concert performer. He broadened the clarinet repertory by commissioning works from such composers as Bartók, Hindemith, Copland and Milhaud, and he has made his mark in the standard works through such recordings as Mozart's *Clarinet Concerto in A*, which has

sold 40,000 copies, an impressive total for a classical LP.

Another change is symbolized by the fact that where Goodman once merely played a Selmer clarinet, he is now a top consultant to (and former director of) H. & A. Selmer, Inc. With record royalties, investments in real estate and Wall Street, and fees of up to \$7,000 a night, he earns an estimated \$300,000 a year—and at that, he works only about half the time. The rest of the time he spends "doing whatever I feel mostly like doing." Prowling the art galleries and fishing are two favorite relaxations: his penthouse apartment on Manhattan's East Side is decorated with paintings and drawings by Renoir, Monet, Van Gogh and Vlaminck, and his twelve-room home in suburban Connecticut—built around a converted, 100-year-old schoolhouse—has a fresh-water pond containing a private stock of trout.

Strange Sounds. The focal point of Goodman's house, however, remains the music studio. He practices almost daily, plays for friends at parties, and often works on classical pieces with his daughter Rachel, 24, an accomplished amateur pianist. "After all," he says, "this is my life—music. I couldn't be content any other way." He even seems to have made his peace with the rapid evolution of jazz styles away from swing in the past two decades. Not that he approves. "I can understand the modern in classical music—in a composer like Bartók, for example—but I don't understand it in jazz," he says. "To me it's just strange sounds." He accepts his conservatism unabashedly, makes no attempt to conform to fashion by changing his own style. "When I play what I feel, that's how it comes out," he says. "At least I can be myself."

COMPOSERS

The Man Who Speaks

To a High-Strung Generation

After the premiere of Gustav Mahler's *Third Symphony* at the 1902 Krefeld Festival in Germany, one reviewer concluded that "the composer should be shot." The first Vienna performance of Mahler's *Fourth* drove the audience to such fury that fistfights broke out all over the concert hall. Conductor Hans von Bülow refused to perform Mahler's works because they were "much too strange." In the face of such hostility, Mahler remained stoic. "My time will come," he predicted.

Today, 56 years after his death, it has. His nine symphonies and the unfinished *Tenth*, several symphonic song cycles and numerous lieder came out of eclipse after World War II, nudged into the periphery of standard works in the early '60s, and now—played and appreciated as never before—are sparking a full-scale Mahler boom.

In the U.S., the number of record-

ings of Mahler works has leaped from ten in 1952 to 81 this year—three of which are currently among the 40 best-selling classical LPs. At least four record companies are issuing complete sets of the symphonies under a single conductor. The Pittsburgh Symphony's William Steinberg is planning an unprecedented series of seven Mahler concerts for the orchestra next season, three of them in New York. In Paris, no fewer than ten concerts since January have featured Mahler compositions. And in Austria last week, the Vienna Festival wound up a month-long, twelve-concert survey of nearly all of the composer's major works. Appropriately, leading Mahlerite Leonard Bernstein climaxed the festival by conducting the Vienna Philharmonic and a 100-voice Vienna Opera choir in an incisive, wrenchingly emotional performance of the *Second Symphony* ("The Resurrection"), which ends with the choral prophecy: "Thou shalt surely rise again."

Mahler's own musical resurrection is all the more impressive in view of the practical and esthetic difficulties that bristle throughout his work. Most of his symphonies are so long that they take up an entire concert, often require more than 100 instrumentalists and at least that many singers (his *Eighth Symphony* is scored for as many as 1,000 musicians). Folk tunes, military marches and café ditties jostle each other in the symphonies—sometimes with deliberately sarcastic effect—against rich, romantic textures and harsher lines that range out boldly to the limits of traditional tonality. Mahler plunges the listener from surging eddies of counterpoint into brooding, tragic depths, or lifts him with



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Naked Nerves. Why does this appeal so powerfully to modern audiences? U.S. Critic Jack Diether points to the "existentialist" strain in Mahler: "He is the only composer who looked into our whole civilization, who questioned the whole basis of our existence." Says Rafael Kubelik, who conducted Mahler's *Eighth* at Vienna last week: "He's a sufferer who forces man to look into a mirror. He exposes naked nerves." The *Angebot*, as well as the questing spirit of Mahler's music, no doubt explains its special meaning for today's college-age youth, who are among the highest buyers of Mahler recordings, and who made up about 40% of the Vienna Festival audience. As Conductor Steinberg puts it: "Mahler was a high-strung genius who speaks today to a high-strung generation."

Mahler, born in 1860, was one of the last great Romantics. Because of the way he transformed the symphonic tradition extending from Mozart to Anton Bruckner, he was also, in Steinberg's words, "the father of contemporary music—the forerunner of Schoenberg, Berg and Webern." Yet no composer was ever less interested in the objective development of musical form as such. For Mahler, composing was a highly subjective process of grappling with the deepest, most painful questions of life. "The creative act and actual experience," he said, are "one and the same."

Shadow Plays. In his struggle to maintain that fusion, he very nearly realized the wish that he once expressed as a little boy—to grow up to be "a martyr." He was accepted at the Vienna Conservatory at 15, later supported himself by conducting, and at 37 became director of the Vienna Opera. He swept out has-been singers and dusty traditions, and turned out the polished, provocative productions that made him one of Europe's major musical forces. He was also a fanatical-looking figure—5 ft. 6 in. tall, thin, gazing fiercely from behind rimless spectacles—yet, as his protégé Bruno Walter wrote, "his spirit never knew escape from the torturing question: 'For what?'" Demon-driven, he sought the answer in the music he wrote in spare moments, making each piece a gigantic shadow play of the dark forces that struggled in his soul.

Shortly before leaving the Vienna Opera in 1907, Mahler learned that he had a serious heart ailment. He said his farewell to earthly joys and confronted death in the hauntingly bittersweet song cycle *Das Lied von der Erde* (The Song of the Earth) and the coolly spiritual *Ninth Symphony*. Weakened by overwork, he caught a streptococcus infection while struggling feverishly with his *Tenth Symphony* ("The devil is dancing with me!" he scrawled in the margin), and died at 50 in 1911. His life was incomplete but, as he once expressed it, "I am a musician; that says everything."



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RELIGION

THEOLOGY

Searching for the Soul

Every religion believes in some form of soul, or animating principle of life. But the fact that none of them ever defined it satisfactorily seemed to bother James Kidd, an eccentric Arizona copper miner whose lifetime interest was the explanation of the supernatural. Kidd mysteriously disappeared in 1949, and was declared legally dead in 1965. Arizona authorities found among his possessions a handwritten will in which the prospector directed that his estate, consisting of stocks and bonds worth \$198,138.53, be used for "research or some scientific proof of a soul of the human body which leaves at death."

Although he boggled at the unusual bequest, Superior Court Probate Judge Robert L. Myers of Phoenix ruled that the will was legitimate, ordered a hearing to find out whether anyone could properly qualify to carry out Kidd's wish. Last week, as the trial got under way in Phoenix, it was apparent that there was no lack of soul-searchers eager to undertake the task. No fewer than 17 organizations and 78 individuals had already put up the \$15 filing fee and were prepared to stake their claims. Among them:

► Nora Higgins, 57, housewife and self-described clairvoyant from Branscomb, Calif., who maintains that the soul has no physical substance but consists of a hazy, tinted form resembling that of the body. At the hearing, she insisted that she had detected Kidd's soul in the courtroom, "pacing up and down with his hands behind his back, shaking his head at the proceedings."

► Another California housewife, Jean Bright, 48, of Encino, who claims to be in constant contact "through my entire nervous system" with a dentist friend who died two years ago. She asks the dentist's soul yes or no questions about

the beyond. Mrs. Bright asserts, and it replies by causing her head either to nod or shake.

► William A. Dennis, 64, of Balboa, Calif., a geophysicist who contends that the soul is a center of cosmic vibrations. When the human body is alive, he says, vibrations from the soul give man the power to think and act. When the human body is dead, it is unable to accept or record these vibrations.

► Virat W. Ambudha, 51, a lieutenant colonel in the Thailand army and author of a book called *Increasing Brain Power*, who arrived from Bangkok on leave in February to fight his case, which he bases in part on the enigmatic contention that the soul is a "most wonderful, delicate, small thing."

► Dr. Richard Ireland, founder of the University of Life Church in Phoenix (membership: 1,400), who claims the power to communicate with souls, frequently dons a blindfold to demonstrate his powers of mental telepathy.

Not all the witnesses are quite so exotic in their convictions. On the off-chance that traditional Christian teaching provides the best answer, Richard C. Spurney, a Roman Catholic philosophy instructor at Mount San Antonio junior college near Los Angeles, plans to submit six volumes of theological research containing 50 proofs of the soul's existence from such thinkers as Augustine and Aquinas. Also interested in the bequest is the American Society for Psychical Research, Inc., whose president is Psychologist Gardner Murphy, a professor at Kansas' Menninger Foundation. Murphy, who believes that the soul, if it exists, is "probably not tangible," hopes to use the money for research into the possibility of survival in the beyond. One distinctly this-worldly claim is that of a New York City woman, Elvise Kidd, who claims to have been Kidd's wife.

Since the court hearing was an-

nounced, Judge Myers, an Episcopalian, has received more than 4,500 letters of advice suggesting proofs for the soul's existence. Most of them argue that the answer is to be found in the Bible, although a letter from India suggested: "Take a man who is about to die into a small room. All the doors, windows and ventilators should be thoroughly closed so that there is no place for the soul to get out. As soon as the man dies, his soul shall pierce or crack the window glass, thus giving proof of its existence." Courthouse observers estimate that the hearing will last all summer, but Myers considers himself fortunate in at least one respect: "I don't have to rule whether or not man has a soul." That, he explains, is a matter outside his court's jurisdiction.

ANGLICANS

Preacher for the Empire's Parish

The dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London—"the parish church of the British Empire"—has traditionally been a preacher of scholarship and fire. Humanist John Colet, who held the post from 1505 to 1519, was the learned friend of Erasmus and More. John Donne, during the reign of James I, uttered sermons from St. Paul's pulpit that will ring in human ears as long as the bell tolls for mankind. From 1911 to 1934, Anglicanism's most prestigious preaching office was occupied by "the Gloomy Dean," William Ralph Inge, who outraged England with his then radical opinions on birth control and pacifism.

Accordingly, when the Very Rev. Walter R. Matthews, 85, recently announced his retirement as dean of St. Paul's, Anglican insiders were hating that Prime Minister Harold Wilson would probably follow tradition, name either one of two outspoken ecclesiastical controversialists to the post: Ban-the-Bomb Canon Lewis John Collins of the cathedral, or Ardent Left-winger Edward Carpenter, Archdeacon of West-



JUDGE MYERS



JAMES KIDD



ELVISE KIDD



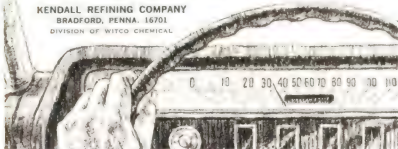
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DEAN SULLIVAN
In the middle, where the road is.

minster. Instead, Congregationalist Wilson surprised almost everyone by naming a dean who is relatively unknown outside church circles: the Ven. Martin Gilster Sullivan, 57, who as Archdeacon of London since 1963 has been responsible for the supervision of the diocese's 60 parishes.

The first New Zealander ever named to a major office in the Church of England, Sullivan served as an Army chaplain during World War II. As Archdeacon of London, he read the Biblical lesson at the state funeral of Sir Winston Churchill. Sullivan was surprised by his promotion. "Does this mean he's naming me?" he asked his wife when Wilson's letter of appointment came in the mail this month.

Ten Rounds with Cassius. In his new post, Sullivan is required by tradition to deliver the principal sermon at St. Paul's services on six feast days of the church calendar—but in effect he becomes year-round pulpit spokesman for Anglicanism's most famous cathedral. Theologically and politically, Sullivan considers himself a middle-of-the-roader on the plausible ground that "the middle of the road means where the road is." A knowledgeable theologian, he feels that such avant-garde Anglicans as Bishop John A. T. Robinson (*Honest to God*) have gone too far and too fast for the church's faithful. "The ordinary man in the pew," he says, "reminds me of someone who has been ten rounds in the ring with Cassius Clay. He's been faced by the new theology, the new morality, church reunion, liturgical reform. I think the church is in danger of leaving him in the lurch." Sullivan considers his new post "a sort of Eisenhower job as chairman of a team": as a preacher, he presumably intends to see that none of the team members are left behind.



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ACOUSTICS

Sound Judgment

One of the most incredible bits of by-play of the Middle East war was the Israeli-intercepted radio-telephone conversation between Egypt's President Nasser and Jordan's King Hussein, as they conspired to save face by blaming their disastrous defeat on U.S. and British air intervention. But was the identity of the voices firmly established? To test this point, London's Daily Telegraph submitted a recorded tape of the Nasser-Hussein talk to U.S. Physicist Lawrence Kersta, president of Voiceprint Laboratories, Inc., in Somerville,

person. He reported to the Telegraph that he was "100% sure" that the voice on the Israeli tape was that of President Nasser.

Convicting Evidence. Kersta's conclusion—and his voiceprint technique—is based on the principle that every individual's voice is as unique as his fingerprints. Because the frequencies and energy distribution of the human voice are determined by the size and coupling of the nasal, throat and oral cavities and by the manner in which each person uses his articulators (tongue, teeth, lips, soft palate and jaw muscles), Kersta says, it is highly improbable that any two voices can be

Swatting Mosquitoes with Sex

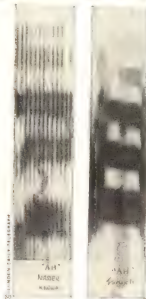
As insects become more immune to chemical insecticides, scientists are developing other weapons against them. Like sex. By encouraging the mating of mosquitoes that are incapable of producing offspring, a West German scientist has wiped out the disease-bearing mosquito population of a Burmese village. And the attraction that proved so fatal in Burma, he reported to a recent health conference in Washington, can have similar results elsewhere.

While experimenting in 1948, Geneticist Hannes Laven of the Johannes Gutenberg University in Mainz discovered that common mosquitoes from Paris that were mated with members of the same species from Hamburg would not produce offspring. The reason for this sterility, he determined, was a difference in the cytoplasm (the protoplasm surrounding the cell nucleus) between the Paris and Hamburg strains of mosquitoes. Because of this difference, the egg cells of the females of one strain could not accept the sperm cells from males of the other strain, causing the female to lay infertile eggs. This Franco-German incompatibility was not unique. In succeeding years, Laven discovered 19 additional strains of common mosquitoes that could not produce offspring when mated with other strains.

Aggressive Males. One of these incompatible pairings consisted of a strain from Fresno, Calif., and a Burmese strain that transmitted filariasis, a tropical disease that causes chills, fever and headaches and can lead to elephantiasis. Last March, after breeding a host of strong male mosquitoes from insects caught around Fresno, he flew them to Burma and released 5,000 a day in the isolated village of Okpo. "Those huge males," Laven says, "were quicker and stronger than the indigenous breed." The Fresno males immediately began outdoing their Okpo counterparts in mating with Okpo females—which promptly began laying infertile eggs.

Even if the less virile Okpo males later had a chance to mate with these females, Laven explains, the female would produce no offspring: although the female mosquito can lay three or four sets of eggs during her two-week lifetime, she draws only on the first sperm she receives to fertilize all her eggs. Thus, after only a few generations of vigorous activity by the males from Fresno, there were no female mosquitoes left in Okpo that could lay fertile eggs. By May, Okpo was mosquito free.

Cytoplasmic incompatibility can be widely used to control mosquitoes, Laven says, but he cautions that total eradication of mosquito populations might have unpredictable ecological effects. To fill the gap that his control technique may create, he is attempting to produce a mosquito strain that will not transmit filariasis—and hopes eventually to develop a breed that simply will not bite humans.



NASSER'S VOICEPRINTS

Along with the ee, eye, a and yeh.



PHYSICIST KERSTA & SPECTROGRAPH

N.J. Along with the tape went a two-year-old CBS News recording of what was known to be Nasser's voice.

"100% Sure." After running the Israeli tape through an electronic filtering process to eliminate static, Kersta chose 25 basic phonetic elements from the voice believed to be Nasser's, and the same elements from the CBS recording. These "phonemes," as they are called, included such sounds as *ah*, *ee*, *eye*, *o* and *yeh*, which are common to both English and Arabic. Words from the tapes containing the phonemes were then fed into a spectrograph, which electronically translated them into signals that activated a stylus.

Moving rapidly over a strip of paper on a slowly revolving drum, the stylus traced out distinctive patterns, or voiceprints, that were determined by the frequencies, loudness and duration of each of the phonemes. Finally, after a night in which he painstakingly compared the patterns produced by phonemes from the two tapes, Kersta concluded that they had all been uttered by the same

identical. Thus, voiceprints, like fingerprints, can be used to make a positive identification. Whispering, muffling the voice, changing its pitch, or even mimicking another voice will not alter the basic voiceprint pattern.

Since he developed the voiceprint system at Bell Telephone Laboratories in 1962, Kersta has worked with law enforcement agencies on more than 100 cases involving voice identification. His voiceprints were used to convict a rioter in the Watts area of Los Angeles who, with his back to the camera, admitted to a TV interviewer that he had set fire to five different buildings. Last year voiceprints were admitted as evidence in a jury trial in New York.

Voiceprints have also received implicit recognition by the State Department, which sent a Middle East expert to help Kersta examine the Israeli tape. But Washington had good reason to believe that the tape was authentic even before Kersta's analysis: neither Nasser nor Hussein ever denied that the recorded voices were theirs.

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a balanced meal."

SPORT

AUTO RACING

A Second for Ford

There is one place in France where Americans still have some clout: Le Mans. For a while, after a trio of U.S. Ford Mark IIs finished one-two-three in last year's 24 Hours of Le Mans, officials talked about changing the rules of the race—to require that cars go 30 laps between fueling stops (the Fords needed gas every 20 laps) and have room inside for four persons (the Mark IIs could barely squeeze in two). They changed their mind when Ford threatened to pull out of this year's race altogether, leaving the field wide open for Italy's Enzo Ferrari, whose siren-red racing machines won every 24 Hours from 1960 through 1965.

A Better Idea. If the thought of another Ferrari runaway was too much for Le Mans officials, the thought of another Ford runaway was too much for Ferrari. Still smarting over last year's debacle, the "Monster of Maranello" entered three cars in last week's 35th 24 Hours: brand-new, 330 P4 prototypes, little hand-tooled bombs that weighed only 1,875 lbs., were powered by 4-liter, 450-h.p. engines, and could nudge 200 m.p.h. on Le Mans' Mulsanne Straight. Unfortunately for Enzo, Ford had a better idea: a new prototype of its own, called the Mark IV, that carried a 7-liter engine and 500 horses under its hood. In pre-race trials, Ferrari mechanics watched disconsolately as four Mark IVs lapped the 8.3-mile track at better than 144 m.p.h., hitting speeds as high as 215 m.p.h. on the straight. The best any of the P4s could muster was a 142-m.p.h. lap.

Still, speed is one thing at Le Mans—and survival is another. The Ford Mark IVs were obviously faster, but could they outlast the Ferraris? Gambling that they could not, Ferrari Team Manager Franco Lini ordered his drivers to hold back, bide their time, and wait for misfortune to hit the Mark IVs. The gamble almost paid off. One Mark IV went off the course, got stuck in sand and never got out; another lost its rear hood, had to pit for repairs and dropped far behind. Then there was Mario Andretti. Running second in the No. 3 Mark IV, Andretti barreled into a turn at 150 m.p.h., only to lose control of the car when his right front brake grabbed. The Mark IV careened off one wall, then another, bounced back and finally spun to a stop in mid-track—directly in the path of two other Fords. Mark II-model backup cars driven by Roger McCluskey and Jo Schlesser, "I didn't know if Mario was still in the car," McCluskey said later, "and I knew I would kill him if I hit him. So I had to put her into the wall." So did Schlesser. Scratch three more Fords.

One in the Run. That left only one Mark IV in the running—driven by Dan Gurney and Indianapolis 500 Winner



WINNING FORD CROSSING FINISH

32.5 miles ahead of the pack.

A. J. Foyt. But it was exactly where it was supposed to be—in the lead. "We kept expecting mechanical trouble," Gurney said later, "but it never came. The Ferraris were no real threat." With Foyt at the wheel, the first man ever to win at both Indy and Le Mans, No. 1 merely coasted across the finish line, 32.5 miles ahead of the pack. In 24 hours, Gurney and Foyt had covered 3,251 miles at a record average speed of 135.4 m.p.h.—10 m.p.h. faster than the old mark set by last year's winning Ford Mark II. In the winner's circle, Gurney sprayed champagne on Henry Ford II—and Foyt waved an arm at a group of beaming Ford executives. "Well," he announced, "we saved those guys' jobs again."

TENNIS

Pay's the Thing

Q. How do you tell an amateur tennis player from a pro?

A. The amateur makes money.

The caustic old joke is fast losing its bite. True, top amateur tennis players still make a comfortable living—up to \$1,000 per tournament in "expense money"—but few any longer refuse to turn pro on the grounds that "I can't afford to." Long a disorganized gypsy sport, pro tennis finally has gone big time. In 1964, the "pro tour" consisted of only eight tournaments worth a total of \$80,000 in prize money; this year the pros will play 42 tournaments in the U.S. and abroad, and \$600,000 is up for grabs. If he plays in each of those tournaments—even if he is eliminated each time in the first round of both the singles and doubles—a touring pro stands to earn \$23,000 in 1967.

The Rocket. With that kind of money at stake, it is no wonder that the competition is fierce. Current king of the pros is redheaded Rod ("Rocket")



GURNEY & FOYT CELEBRATING

Laver, 28, the Australian left-hander who five years ago became the only player since Don Budge in 1938 to achieve a grand slam of amateur tennis' four top tournaments—the Australian, French, Wimbledon and U.S. championships. Laver turned pro in 1963 and learned quickly how much tougher it was to play for pay: he lost 19 out of his first 21 pro matches. Last year Laver was the tour's No. 1 moneywinner (with \$45,000), and two weeks ago, in the finals of Manhattan's \$25,000 Madison Square Garden Invitation Tennis Tournament, he polished off Fellow Aussie Ken Rosewall, 6-4, 6-4, to boost his 1967 winnings to \$31,827.

Laver's own rugged initiation into the pro ranks makes the performance of two 1967 rookies seem all the more remarkable. As an amateur, California's Dennis ("The Menace") Ralston, 24, was noted mainly for his flaming temper and his inexplicably bad play in crucial matches. More mature and confident now, Ralston, according to Rosewall, "has the potential to be one of the top players on the tour"—and so far he already is: with \$27,230, he ranks No. 2 in money winnings, and he has beaten Laver six times in 16 matches. The other hot rookie is Australia's Fred Stolle, 28, winner of the 1966 U.S. amateur championship, who last week shocked Laver, 6-3, 6-4, in the quarterfinals of the \$19,000 U.S. Professional Hardcourt championships in St. Louis.

Both Ralston and Stolle have worked hard at improving techniques since they turned pro—Ralston has added more spin to his service. Stolle has shortened his backswing on ground strokes. Both agree that they are playing better tennis now because they are working on an above-the-table cash basis. Simply enough, says Ralston: "It's worth a lot more money to go all the way than to be eliminated before the final round."

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ART

TECHNIQUES

Multi-Originals & Selected Reproductions

Few artists turn up their noses at color reproductions of their works. Most, like Andrew Wyeth, whose *Christina's World* in 1966 sold 7,000 copies at \$7.50 each in Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, feel that color copies are a testament to the public's love of their work, accept the fact that U.S. art presses alone roll off an estimated 350 million prints "suitable for framing" each year. But hardly any artist professes himself completely pleased with the results, since most color reproductions leave much to be desired. Offset lithography, the commonest technique used for wall pictures, produces colors that under the best of conditions are only partially true. Even the far more costly and time-consuming method of collotype, which offers near-perfect color or veracity, does not capture the raised daubs and whorls of the artist's brush.

Hand-Painted & Destroyed. Now new processes are beginning to be used for reproductions that fool not only the eye but the sense of touch as well, duplicating both the color and raised brush stroke of oil on canvas. Surrealist Painter Max Ernst, for one, was astonished when technicians in France showed him duplicates of his 1966 work, *The Phantom Vessel*: "I was absolutely incapable of detecting that they were not my original."

The technique used to reproduce Ernst's painting is called "kamagaphy," and its invention was announced last December by an enterprising Parisian combine headed by Engineer André Co-card, 49, and backed by Master Vintner Alexis Lichine. Kamagaphy faithfully produces 250 perfect copies of a painting on a special press, destroying the original in the process (color lithographs, by comparison, can be printed as many as 500 times, though first-quality press runs, signed by famous artists, are normally limited to between 30 and 250 prints). Each kamagaphy looks as though the artist had painted it by hand. The French call this type of work a "multi-original," because the machine can work only with a painting painted for it on a specially treated canvas plaque. Lichine & Co. have so far recruited Ernst, René Magritte and Edouard Pignon for their stable of pilot kamagaphers, plan to put their output on sale in the U.S. in the autumn, priced at \$150 to \$900.

In Manhattan, Tiffany Color Inc. is experimenting with producing oil paintings from color photographs on canvases that are printed with marks imitating the artist's brush strokes. In Bavaria, West Germany, a reclusive engraver named Günther Dietz, 48, has developed a variant on the silk-screen method that has already produced copies of Rembrandt, Dufy, Chagall, Degas,

Cézanne and Marini that are almost indistinguishable from the originals.

70 Sheets to Fidelity. Dietz's system, perfected over the past 15 years (and patented in 1963), requires the preparation of a canvas, wood panel or paper virtually identical with the one the artist used. He analyzes the order in which the artist applied his original colors, then programs them and transposes them onto as many as 70 different transparent plastic sheets, each of which has the exact, three-dimensional surface of the original painting. The prepared canvas is then printed with all



ROY LICHTENSTEIN
Plain pipe racks for Pablo.

70 sheets. At present, Dietz works with only two manual presses, dealing principally with wholesalers, and charges from \$3 to \$30 per print. The process could in theory be programmed and guided electronically, permitting mass production with startling fidelity.

PAINTING

Kidding Everybody

"Why, Brad darling, this painting is a MASTERPIECE!" exclaims a luscious blonde in one of Roy Lichtenstein's celebrated "comic strip" canvases of 1962. "My, soon you'll have all of New York clamoring for your work." Pure boasting! At the time, yes, Lichtenstein's first pop paintings were derided as belonging to the "King Features school," and a bad joke. Today, it's all the way to the bank. At 43, Lichtenstein is a pop hero: half a dozen museums own his work, his every show is a sellout, and his prices have jumped tenfold, to \$12,000 for a large canvas.

A major Lichtenstein retrospective, with 78 paintings, kinetic plaques, han-

ners, drawings, prints and posters, was unveiled at the Pasadena Art Museum in April, opens at the Minneapolis Walker Art Center this week. Then half the works will move on to Amsterdam's Stedelijk Museum, to be joined by Lichtenstein's owned in Europe. As the exhibit illustrates, high craftsmanship and an uncommon wit are his hallmarks, for the show abounds with humorous and satirical jabs at painters past and present (see *color opposite*).

Ripe for Ribbing. In his early period, Lichtenstein was a latter-day abstract expressionist. When he turned to subject matter, he happened on comic strips, he explains, "because of their anti-artistic image and because they are such a modern subject." He took over the whole cartoon vocabulary, including printers' Benday dots (originally suggested to him by the exaggerated dots on a bubble-gum wrapper), primary Magma colors, heavy, black-outlined forms. "I like taking a discredited subject and putting it into a new unity," Lichtenstein says (currently he is working with 1930s pseudo-Bauhaus modern). "I was serious about the comic strips, but I also expected them to look funny, because the whole idea of doing a comic strip is humorous."

Lichtenstein has gone on to kid other styles. Picasso was ripe for ribbing, he felt, because a Picasso "has become a kind of popular object—everyone feels he should have a reproduction of a Picasso in his home." In *Woman with Flowered Hat*, Lichtenstein did "an oversimplification of Picasso, a kind of 'plain-pipe-racks' Picasso." Portions of the paintings were stenciled with Lichtenstein's distinctive Benday dots (applied with a toothbrush through a perforated screen) to simulate the effect of commercial printing—and also to remind the viewer that he is looking at the popular notion of a Picasso rather than the genuine article.

Baked Images. *Little Big Painting* is a gibe at the high seriousness that surrounded the cult of the brush stroke by the abstract expressionists. "The original brush stroke was a romantic outpouring," explains Lichtenstein. "Here I'm making a simulated brush stroke, but I've removed the idea of something full of passion." He believes that painting in an era of mass media should be impersonal. To heighten this effect, he has even had some of his works executed in porcelain enamel baked on steel panels, turned out these works in editions of six to eight.

Nor has Lichtenstein's satiric cast overlooked pop itself. His *Pistol*, a banner made of felt, pokes fun at his fellow-cultists' ideals. Says he: "It is an exaggeration of a menacing, dangerous painting, a cliché describing modern painting done to an excessive degree, a play on the idea of a painting having a strong presence."



ROY LICHTENSTEIN SPOOFS ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONISM IN HIS "LITTLE BIG PAINTING"

TAPENTRY "PISTOL" MOCKS POP HEAD ON



"WOMAN WITH FLOWERED HAT" IS BENDAY DOT PICASSO

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MODERN LIVING



GERNREICH'S DOUBLE SKIRT



BROOKS'S ROBIN HOOD



BEENE'S TO DRESS

A bit of Tom Sawyer, plus hints of George Sand and Cher.

FASHION

Anyone She Wants to Be

Assuming that the purpose of fashion is to allow women to express their individual personalities, the U.S.-designed collections of fall and winter clothes, shown in Manhattan last week, are just about the best ever. Never before has the American woman been presented with quite so much imagination and diversity. So wide is her range of choice that she can be practically anything or anyone she wants to be.

For weekends in the country, Donald Brooks will turn her into a swaggering Robin Hood with leather leggings and jaunty plumed hats by Milliner Archie Fason, worn perhaps with a short, checked polo coat and matching shorts, or with a pony-skin raincoat. If she would rather be Tom Sawyer, Chester Weinberg has just the thing: avocado green velvet overalls that come to mid-calf, and are topped by a lace-trimmed blouse. With George Stavropoulos, she can play the Greek goddess in classical floor-length gowns trailing yards of filmy chiffon.

Touchdowns & Astronauts. Oscar de la Renta believes in girl Cossacks—a long beige coat bordered with fur and tied with a belt, to be worn over a mini-dress and shorts with thigh-high leather boots. Pauline Trigère offers the medieval look with hooded neckpieces that come off to reveal deep V necklines in close-fitting, floor-length gowns with long sleeves. For lady football fans, there are Geoffrey Beene's "touchdown" dresses—long, sequined sacks in purple with yellow shoulder patches or arm stripes and big numerals on the front, just like overextended football jerseys. Rudi Gernreich is pushing a combination of what he calls the "Renaissance page quality" and the astronaut look, mixing his capes with Layne Nielson's visored helmets, or putting together a long

corduroy coachman's coat with vest, pants and satin ascot shirt ("It's a combination of George Sand and Cher").

Hemlines? Since the midriff Maxi skirts began showing up in Paris earlier this spring, the question has been whether or not skirts would take a big plunge this fall. Rest easy, men: skirts are still flying high. "There's no controversy about skirt lengths as long as they're twelve inches above the knee," wags Gernreich. Actually, he will ship them five inches longer than that—which is a good idea, since a skirt much shorter is no skirt at all. And, to be on the safe side, Rudi recommends double skirts—a longer underskirt for ordinary streetwear, which can be slipped off in more casual surroundings, leaving the mini-mini.

Buccaneer Boots. To be sure, there were some Maxis. Weinberg did a couple in velvet, but he also showed many

skirts that came three inches to five inches above the knee. Jacques Tiffreau offered up some Maxis, or "midis," as he calls them, but he, too, paraded a number of minis, some dramatically teamed with floor-length "Minuit" coats.

Most designers seemed to side with Trigère: "I don't believe in the midie, or sweeping New York dirt into your apartment." Thus, in most collections, though skirts are floor length for evening, they fall somewhere above the knee for daytime, and are almost always to be worn with over-the-knee boots in soft glove leather or stretch vinyl. Come winter, those boots will offer women a promise even more welcome than the thrill of feeling like a buccaneer: an end to polar kneecap.

THE ZOO

Loving Touch

The simple idea behind the design of contemporary children's zoos is that the youngsters will love the animals more if they are given a chance to touch them. So it was for the new children's zoo at Seattle's Woodland Park. Says the zoo's architect, Fred Bassetti: "We wanted the kids to play tug of war with the monkeys, pet the rabbits, hug the lambs, be chased by the geese—in a word, to participate rather than just look." Hence a minimum of cages and fences.

When the zoo opened recently, cages seemed necessary after all—for the children. A first-day mob of more than 15,000 of them, fresh out of school and impatient after long delays at the gates, tore the place apart. They smashed hatching quail eggs, hurled rocks at the ducks, dropped baby turtles on their backs, pounded away on the shell of the Aldabra tortoise. A Nubian goat bleated in agony as it was pulled from both ends. The baby elephant ran off in terror. A peacock, its tail feathers sore after having been yanked for hours, bit a four-year-old girl in the face. What the kids did not manhandle they made



KIDS MEET KIDS AT SEATTLE ZOO OPENING
After the mayhem, gratitude in a lunch pail.

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off with, including a number of turtles, pigeons, rabbits and guinea pigs.

"It's the worst kind of destruction I've seen," said Zoo Keeper John Nichols. "It'll be too bad," added another attendant, "if we get a mean elephant out of this—she certainly isn't going to get any smaller." Yet, despite the opening-day mayhem, Zoo Director Frank Vincenzi is determined to make the animals available to children. "There will be no fences," he said. "That would ruin what we're trying to make here."

Last week his judgment was already being vindicated. As shame followed the orgy, the zoo was flooded with sympathetic phone calls and letters. Most of the missing animals were smuggled back under coats and in lunch pails. Children began policing one another's behavior. A pair of eight-year-old girls rang doorbells and collected \$14.39, which they sent in with a note of apology, saying that "hopefully, most children are taught kindness and gratitude for the love and beauty of God's creatures." "The contrast is unbelievable," said Seattle Park Superintendent Edward Johnson. "It's as if the public is trying to deserve its new zoo." And as if the children themselves had learned more from the episode than anyone would have dared imagine.

YOUTH

The Wide, Wide World of Walter Winshall

One thing about Walter Winshall is that he does like to keep busy. Son of a Detroit dentist, he graduated from high school after winning a National Merit Scholarship and enrolled at 16 in an electrical-engineering course at Cambridge's Massachusetts Institute of Technology. There he was an editor of the student weekly, played intercollegiate freshman hockey, participated in intramural football and softball, was rushing chairman of his fraternity, played a nice game of bridge, invested in the stock market, dated lots of girls (sometimes two in the same night), graduated in 1964 with a B average, and enrolled in Harvard Law School.

Spurts of Work. After a year at Harvard, Walter Winshall found that he just wasn't busy enough any more. "All my needs were not satisfied," he explained. He decided to become a secret superstudent. He continued his full-time courses at the law school, but also signed up at M.I.T.'s Sloan School of Management for another postgraduate degree. At first, neither school knew about his double life. For two years Walter Winshall carried twelve courses a semester between the two schools, devoting many hours at the start of each term to calculating a schedule with a minimum of class conflicts at the two campuses, which are two miles apart.

Although he had a battered 1962 Chevrolet to make those ends meet, he sometimes had a couple of classes scheduled at the same hour. This didn't both-

er Walter, and besides, his study habits were rather erratic anyway. "He works best in spurts," says a fellow student. "Walter gets way behind; then he panics and does in a couple of days the same work that most Harvard and M.I.T. students take a month to do."

"No Great Feat." Still, Walter seemed to have time on his hands. He became a teaching assistant in finance at M.I.T., won an investment contest in Harvard's Bull and Bear Club by totting up a 68% gain in four months, acted as resident tutor at his fraternity house, founded his own data-processing company, which has a contract with the First National Bank of Boston, and flew to New York City once or twice a month to work in the institutional-research department of a brokerage house, Oppenheimer & Co. As the time approached for him to get his degrees (Harvard's LL. B. this month; M.I.T.'s



SUPERSTUDENT WINSHALL

Pulling the sheepskin over their eyes.

master of science in September), Walter also sandwiched in flying trips around the country for job interviews.

Last week, after a Boston newspaper disclosed Walter's secret, he shyly insisted that it was "no great feat." Harvard didn't think it was so great either. Apparently annoyed at having the sheepskin pulled over their eyes, Harvard authorities notified him that he would not be recommended for a law degree this year, "pending an investigation." M.I.T. administrators had learned Walter's secret last fall, but had permitted him to continue, even though one official said that he would never have been enrolled if authorities had known of his Harvard enrollment. "It just would have been too much work for him."

Walter is not even breathing hard. Says he: "I just went about my day-to-day activities." Assuming he gets his M.I.T. master's, he plans to go for a doctorate there next year. And probably work at Oppenheimer in New York. And run his Boston company. And play the stock market. And—well, as Walter puts it, "I'm just following my interests and I'll continue to do so." He is 23.

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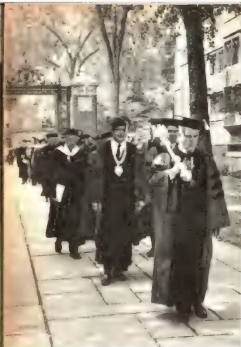


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EDUCATION



BREWSTER AT YALE COMMENCEMENT*
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UNIVERSITIES

Anxiety Behind the Façade

[See Cover]

Nothing is quite so perennially promising in its greenery, so seemingly carefree in its end-of-the-year exuberance, so timelessly secure in its traditional commencement ceremonies as a college campus in June. Last week, as alumni gathered on campuses across the nation for reunions and beaming parents strolled shaded walks with newly graduated sons, proud leaders of academe pointed to glistening new science buildings and plushly modern dormitories, talked glowingly of new plans, programs, projects. But this appearance of comfortable affluence is largely deceptive. Behind the impressive façades of most private universities and colleges there is a deep concern. They are in grave financial trouble, and many are searching frantically to close a dollar gap that threatens their very existence.

The cost crisis is not confined to the nation's marginal institutions of higher learning—the small, church-related liberal arts college, the genteel finishing school for girls. Even the giants of American education feel threatened. Despite Harvard's imposing \$900 million endowment, Assistant Dean Arthur Trottenberg says that "we're worried to the point of reaching for the panic button." Columbia's president, Grayson Kirk, contends that "all our institutions face a financial problem of staggering magnitude and complexity." "Self-pity is a congenital disease of my profession," adds Yale's Kingman Brewster Jr., president of the nation's third-oldest and second richest private university. "But

it's almost impossible to exaggerate this problem." Yale, he says bluntly, "has never had a more difficult financial prospect—and a serious strain on resources for Yale is a crisis for other places."

Splashes of Red Ink. The warning splashes of red ink on university ledgers these days amply bear him out. This year, for the first time in 15 years, Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences faces an operating deficit—of about \$1,000,000. Rice, the best and richest private university in the Southwest, will have a deficit of more than \$950,000 this year. Princeton President Robert Goheen worries about running into the red within three years: Stanford foresees a possible \$2,000,000 shortage by 1969. Unless new sources of revenue are found, Yale will be faced with an annual operating deficit of more than \$15 million by 1977.

Many private colleges have balanced their books only by curtailing necessary expenditures—and their presidents are beginning to worry about whether quality is being sacrificed as well. Vice President Franklin Kreml of Northwestern admits that his university's books balance, but then adds: "By God, we have problems—we're fighting for our lives. Our faculty is too thin. We have insufficient housing for students, insouciant student aid, too small a graduate program." California's prestigious Mills College cut back its administrative staff this year. Cornell's president, James Perkins, held his 1967 deficit to about \$500,000, mainly by denying \$2,500,000 requested by his deans for projects they considered crucial.

Backs to the Wall. For such schools as Yale and Harvard, the financial crisis is relative: what is involved is not survival but the maintenance of traditional excellence. For plenty of other colleges, however, the quest for funds is a matter of life and death. "The less well-endowed university," says Brewster, "is literally finding its back to the wall as it tries to be competitive in faculty, facilities and programs." Occidental President Richard C. Gilman, while confident that his own school will survive, predicts that 250 private colleges will either merge with other institutions or collapse within the next five years. Already Temple and the Universities of Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Kansas City, and Houston have quietly surrendered their status as entirely independent private schools, have become affiliated with state systems.

From Amherst to Yankton, U.S. college presidents have a simple but thoroughly convincing explanation of the financial crisis: the cost of higher education is rising infinitely faster than academic revenue.

The rapidly expanding professional paycheck is a major source of school deficits. Staff salaries account for about 50% of total expenses at a large uni-

versity like Yale, and across the nation, professors are getting raises of 7% a year. In 1950, the national average for all college-level teachers was \$5,310; today it is \$11,265. Harvard, which paid its top professors no more than \$12,000 in 1947, will offer \$28,000 next year; its 548 full professors average \$20,000. And teachers take it for granted that the average will go even higher. "The senior faculty members expect a review of their salaries every year," complains Harvard's Arts and Sciences Dean Franklin Ford. "No one seems to remember back in the '30s, when it was every four or five years." Also on the rise are college payrolls for nonteaching services. At Kalamazoo College, for example, janitorial salaries have climbed 40% in the past five years—and no one, ruefully notes Columbia's Kirk, "ever wants to endow janitorial services."

Facing Competition. One reason why professorial salaries have skyrocketed is the increasing competition that private schools face from public universities. As higher education has become a politically popular field for legislators to support, the best of the state universities have found ample funds to lure professors from private universities with promises of sky-high salaries and unlimited research facilities. Some educators are worried about the growth of the public multiversities. Although two-thirds of the nation's 2,173 colleges and universities are private, their share of student enrollment has slipped from 50% in 1950 to 35% today.

New breakthroughs in knowledge have led to a proliferation of specialized studies that constitute another severe strain on the resources of the private college and university. M.I.T. now offers its students an array of 2,966 courses—half of which did not exist a decade ago. Before World War II, a single professor could teach everything that Columbia expected a student to know about China; now he would pick up fragments of Sinology from 20 specialized scholars. Many of these new sciences, moreover, are primarily graduate specialties—and the universities run heavy deficits operating top M.A. and doctoral programs. University of Chicago officials estimate that they spend \$13,000 a year to train a grad student in medicine or biology who pays only \$1,980 in tuition.

Bottomless Pits. Keeping up with new knowledge also means maintaining costly research and library facilities, which may build a university's prestige but also serve as bottomless pits for funds. It now costs Harvard \$6,000,000 a year to support its huge library; a decade hence, annual maintenance will climb to at least \$14.5 million. An adequate computer installation for instruction at a large university costs at least \$2 million a year to rent and operate.

To be sure, state universities are not

* In the center, wearing the "President's Collier" chain.

immune to the rising costs of education—but a skillful president can almost always get his regents and legislature to ante up for a new cyclotron or an added Ph.D. program in zoology. Administrators of private colleges claim that their available sources of revenue, while rising in dollar volume, no longer keep pace with expenses.

As a rule, private institutions pick up nearly 60% of their instructional costs from tuition, which has been rising dramatically in recent years. The national average has jumped from \$700 to more than \$1,200 in the past ten years; N.Y.U.'s soared from \$940 to \$2,000, Reed's from \$800 to \$2,200, Sarah Lawrence's from \$1,551 to \$2,350. At the present rate of increase, Harvard's tuition, now \$2,000, will reach \$5,000 by 1978. "But this is impossible," says Harvard's vice president, Lewis Gard Wiggins. "We'll have to look elsewhere for the money." Many small-college presidents are afraid that they will price themselves out of the market. The question that fathers ask, says Byron Trippett of the Colorado Association of Independent Colleges and Universities is: "What can Colorado College offer my boy for a tuition of \$1,700 that the University of Colorado can't do just as well for \$300?"

Good Will & Good Wills. Endowment is another traditional source of income, and some private colleges are courting aging millionaires with a fervor that verges on frenzy. "We are trying to build good will—and good will," quips University of Miami President Henry King Stanford. "Unfortunately, naming Miami in a will seems to be a guarantee of longevity." Actually, as the 100 schools that hold 92% of the nation's \$12 billion in university endowments have long since discovered, inherited wealth is not the answer. Columbia, for example, has quadrupled its endowment to more than \$390 million in the past 30 years, but income from this source covers only 22% of the school's expenses today, compared with 42% in 1937. Roughly two-thirds of all endowment funds are committed to specific uses by their donors and cannot be used for general operations.

Virtually every college in the U.S. is now embarked on a massive fund drive—and most of them are succeeding beyond their wildest hopes in getting friends, alumni and business corporations to give, and give generously. The trouble is, most drives are aimed at expanding facilities and adding new faculty, which adds to operating costs. And as the fund drive becomes a permanent rather than a periodic process, the necessary go-and-get-it zeal will become ever harder to sustain. "We are going to have to raise \$1,000,000 a week for as long as the university exists," says Chicago Provost Edward Levi—and he is not sure how it can be done.

The recent injection of federal money into higher education has turned out to be both a lifesaver and an irritant.

The Government now spends \$4 billion a year on college campuses—half of it in support of Government-desired research, about \$750 million in construction of facilities, the rest in loans, scholarships and jobs that help more than a million students to stay in school. But officials of such schools as M.I.T. and Caltech—which get about half their operating budgets from federal funds—argue that the research is only a service to Government, and that the grants do not pay the full costs of maintaining the added facilities. The American Council on Education's John F. Morse contends that "most federal programs involve a drain on, rather than a strengthening of institutional resources."

To Convince the Donor. The campus quest for money is so pressing that academic administrators today spend most of their time in hot pursuit of potential donors. As Ford Foundation President McGeorge Bundy notes, "The private university that does not choose an entrepreneur for its president is bound to be sorry." Yale has had little reason to be sorry that it chose Kingman Brewster, whom U.S. Education Commissioner Harold Howe calls "one of the most lively voices in higher education today." Although not an educational philosopher in the style of Clark Kerr or James Bryant Conant, Brewster is an outgoing activist and analytical problem-solver who is convinced that innovation and change are the way to save the traditions of Yale. "We have to convince the donor we have something to offer," he says. "I'm sure support will depend on the ability of the institution to excite."

It is no great liability that trim, urbane, greyingly handsome Kingman Brewster, at 48, looks rather as if he had been type-cast by Otto Preminger for the job of chief salesman and spokesman for Yale. An eleventh-generation descendant of a Mayflower immigrant, he is every inch the patrician



YALE'S RESIDENTIAL MORSE COLLEGE



U.S.C. PROCESSION PAST NEW CONSTRUCTION



DENVER'S GRADUATE SCHOOL OF INTERNATIONAL STUDIES

The affluent appearance is deceptive.

who enjoys academic ceremony. At the same time, says one friend, Brewster "holds a fundamental irreverence for anything stuffy, too old or established"—and delights close friends at dinner parties with his self-deprecating humor and talent for mimicry. Actually a loner who carefully guards his deepest feelings, Brewster is also gregarious enough to pre-empt center stage at hour-long-and-hull sessions with Yale's faculty and students. An ear-wearing public speaker whose official utterances are frequently pedantic and dull, Brewster shines wittily in small groups, admits that conversation rather than ivory-tower concentration provides most of his ideas. "I get more stimulation by talking to people," he says, "than by retreating to the library—it's out of the hurly-burly that I get my ideas."

Crustacean Father. Brewster has always been enveloped by bright conversation. His mother held an A.B. from Wellesley and an M.A. from Radcliffe, his father an A.B. from Amherst and a law degree from Harvard. Both were Phi Beta Kappa freethinkers—and poles apart in their thinking, especially in politics. Father was what an acquaintance calls "a crustacean McKinley Republican." Mother "a Cambridge liberal Democrat." They were divorced when Kingman was six and his mother married a Harvard music professor, Pianist-Composer Edward Ballantine. Their Cambridge home, with its two grand pianos, was a setting for brilliant table talk on politics and culture from such guests as Law Professor Felix Frankfurter and Pianist Rudolf Serkin.

At Belmont Hill, a prep school founded by Harvard professors mainly for their children, Kingman settled for B on his report cards. "He had a tremendous brain, but there was so much else he wanted to do," recalls his Latin teacher. He edited the school newspaper, played the First Lord of the Admiralty in *H.M.S. Pinaree*. A star at debate, he helped beat a loquacious Groton team consisting of Franklin Roosevelt Jr. and William and McGeorge Bundy, taking the affirmative side on "whether

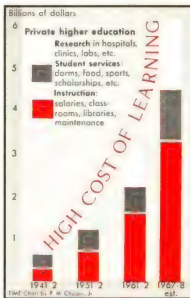
capitalism is more conducive to war than socialism."

Deadly Vassar Girls. Kingman spent his summers sailing off Martha's Vineyard, became so skilled that in 1935 and 1937 he scored clean sweeps to win the Prince of Wales Cup in "Acadia," class international competition in Nova Scotia. He is still an enthusiastic boatman who, notes a friend, "minimizes his lacks by coming closer to the white water than other sailors will" and is co-owner of a 30-ft. ketch, *Auriga*, with Williams President John Sawyer. Brewster sees a link between sailing and running a university, contends wryly that "there is always the infinite capacity for anticipation at the start and rationalization at the finish."

Before the start of his freshman year at Yale, Brewster asked advice on courses and teachers from a Martha's Vineyard neighbor, Yale History Professor A. Whitney Griswold. It was the start of a long friendship that grew closer when Brewster became chairman of the Yale Daily News, found Griswold a stimulating source of information about the university and a spirited conversationalist on politics. "We had a common sense of the ridiculous and the absurd," Brewster says.

Among the things that Brewster found absurd were Yale's secret societies and fraternities. Rebelliously anti-Establishment, he turned down a tap from Skull and Bones, declined the presidency of Zeta Psi fraternity, and attacked those institutions of privilege in Daily News editorials. He also wrote that Vassar girls are "the world's most deadly bicycle riders" and that girls should not wear slacks: "The women of Wellesley, Smith and Vassar must be deprived of their pants." Foreshadowing his present concerns, he noted that Yale had operated in the red by \$133,588 in 1940 and warned: "No institution can long afford to carry a deficit or cut into capital resources."

Without Fair Hearing. Brewster also became deeply interested in politics. He opposed U.S. entry into World War II, joined the isolationist American First

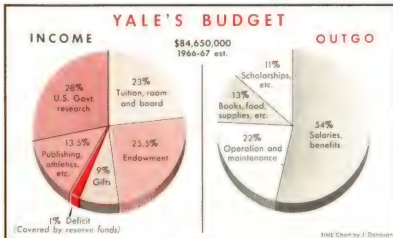


movement, even testified before a congressional committee against U.S. aid to Britain. He also argued—as some of his New Left students do today—that students should be permitted to attend peace rallies. Looking back, Brewster sees his position as defensible at the time, since, he thought, F.D.R. was pushing the U.S. toward war without a "fair hearing and popular debate."

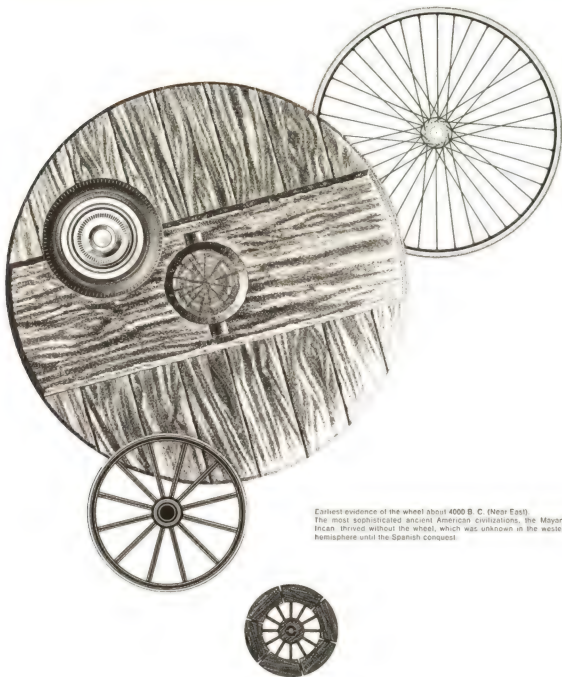
Pearl Harbor and the passage of the Lend-Lease Act turned Brewster into a dedicated internationalist. After graduating *cum laude* in 1941 (selected by his class as the member who "had done most for Yale"), he joined the State Department as an aide in Nelson Rockefeller's Office of Inter-American Affairs. He earned a commission as a naval aviator, served four years on antisubmarine patrol but never sighted a sub. While in service he married Mary Louise Phillips, a Vassar art major he had met at a post-football party at Yale. She quit in her senior year to marry him; they now have five children. Fager for a career in public affairs, he entered Harvard Law School in 1945, because "law schools seem to attract an extraordinary number of the people who have the highest potential of each generation." He made the Harvard Law Review, graduated *magna cum laude*.

Brewster spent a year working with the Marshall Plan in Paris, returned to start a twelve-year teaching career, first at M.I.T., then at Harvard Law School. As a teacher, he "worked harder than I ever have before or since," he recalls. "Because of the caliber of the students, you find yourself spending most of your time on the ropes."

Brewster had been promoted to full



* Constance, a George Washington University senior; Kingman III, 19, who will be an Occidental freshman next fall; Deborah, 17, who hopes to go to Vassar; Alden, 14, a student at Groton prep school; Riley, 12, who attends New Haven's private Foote School.



Earliest evidence of the wheel about 4000 B. C. (Near East).
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professor at Harvard and was serving on top faculty committees when his longtime friend, Whit Griswold, by then president of Yale, asked him to become his provost. Although he had no Ph.D. and no administrative experience, he quickly accepted. His acceptance was dictated partly by his admiration for Griswold and his affection for Yale. It was also, he recalls, "a decision you make at 40 to find out what you're good at." Brewster turned out to be so good at the job that the Yale Corporation promoted him to the presidency when Griswold died in 1963.

Appointed President? There are many Brewster friends who figure that he wants to prove he is good at other things than running Yale—most likely at politics. Brewster admits that unlike most Yale presidents, he does not want to keep the post until retirement age. "To stay ten years—give or take half of that—would be bad for the institution and bad for me," he says. He does not discuss his political aims, but few expect him to aim lower than a Senate seat. In mocking reference to both his ambitions and his stylish mode of dress—mod-stripped shirts handmade in Hong Kong, J. Press suits, occasionally even a black opera cape—Yale vets have dubbed him "Kingwad Tweed," claim that he wants to be "the first man appointed President of the U.S." Brewster describes himself as "a would-be Republican—but I can't find enough good ones to vote for." He voted for Eisenhower in 1952, favored Kennedy in 1960 and Johnson in 1964.

Whatever Brewster's next career choice, his advice to incoming Yale freshmen last fall will undoubtedly be his own guide as well. "The fullness or emptiness of life will be measured by the extent to which a man feels that he has an impact on the lives of others. To be a man is to matter to someone outside yourself, or to some calling or cause bigger than yourself." At the moment, that cause for Brewster is still

Yale—and he has mattered much in bringing Yale into a more relevant concern with contemporary issues.

Fresh Talent, Fresh Ideas. Even fond admirers of Griswold are now willing to concede that Yale during the post-war years did not always live up to its reputation, tended to tolerate aristocratic old-timers at the expense of first-rate professional scholarship. Convinced that Yale is a school that should be at the intellectual service of the nation, Brewster has stocked the university with a host of fresh talents with fresh ideas. He appointed the youngest provost in the university's history, former Associate Graduate School Dean Charles Taylor Jr., who took over the post at 35. In 1964, Brewster named R. Inslee Clark Jr., then 29, as admissions dean. Clark has drawn such a diversified batch of bright, unconventional students that they call themselves "the New Guard."

Brewster has injected considerable zest into student life by replacing gentlemanly masters, mainly "Old Blue" historians, in the residential colleges with such activists as Novelist John Hersey, Historian Elting Morison and Attorney Ronald Dworkin, whose pop-art shows cause students to dub him "the mod master of electric college." Brewster also knocked out traditional course requirements so that students can select their courses more freely, set up a five-year program in which juniors can delay their studies a year in order to plunge into active social work—a hitch the students call "junior year in the jungle."

Obsolete Learning. Under Brewster, Yale has maintained its traditional strength in the liberal arts and continued to upgrade its long-weak science faculties, including the creation from scratch of a costly new department of molecular biophysics. Brewster boldly dropped the undergraduate B.F. degree in engineering on the ground that conventional engineering programs force engineers to specialize so early that they "learn things that are obsolete by the time they graduate." As a result, Yale's undergraduate engineering program is unaccredited, but students get a solid grounding in liberal arts before moving up to take their technical studies at the M.A. level.

At least two of Yale's special schools have become all but synonymous with creativity in their fields. Theater Critic Robert Brustein and a coterie of brilliant professionals known as "the Jewish Mafia" have brought sparkle and surprise to the musty Yale School of Drama—most notably in their recent production of Robert Lowell's *Prometheus Bound* (TIME, June 2). Yale's Law School, under Dean Louis Pollak, stresses the social and political impact of law, while Harvard's case-study emphasis produces sharp legal tacticians. Seeking to expand Yale's horizons ever more, Brewster is deeply committed to the proposed affiliation with all-girl Vassar (TIME, Dec. 30), is trying to bring the Jesuits' Woodstock Seminary from Maryland to New Haven as a partner



SAILING OFF MARTHA'S VINEYARD (1962)
Tacking close to the white water.

of Yale's nondenominational Divinity School. "For the first time, Yale may be a more exciting place to be than Harvard ever was," says Biologist J. P. Trimkauts, a 17-year veteran at Yale.

All this has not necessarily made Brewster universally liked on campus. "The technocrats of the educational world came into the inner circle under Kingman," complains a former dean. Philosopher Paul Weiss contends that the president of Yale ought to be defining educational philosophy for the nation—a task that Pragmatist Brewster has little time for. Many students complain that Brewster spends too much time tending to off-campus fund raising; they regard him as an aloof, not-quite-with-it figure.

Out of Complacency. In the long run, Yale historians may well cite Brewster as the president who shook the university out of complacency over its declining fiscal fortunes. Yale's cash problems were easy to overlook. Its Gothic towers bespeak centuries of stability, the free-flowing lines of newer buildings by Eero Saarinen and the glossy cubes of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill convey contemporary opulence. And for years, Yale was affluent. It has been blessed with spectacular benefactors: from Standard Oil fortunes, Edward S. Harkness gave \$25 million between 1924 and 1931, and John Sterling gave \$39 million in the 1930s; last year Philanthropist Paul Mellon gave his alma mater an art gallery and an art collection worth \$35 million.

Yet in 1963, when Brewster assumed the presidency, the Yale Corporation had to approve its first seriously unbalanced budget in history. Says one Yale official: "Can you picture all those Old Blues sitting around a table to approve deficit financing for their great university? It was a shock."

Having It Both Ways. Costs are out-running income partly because Brewster is determined that Yale (enroll-



BEFORE CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE (1941)
Against Skull and Bones and girls in slacks.



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ment: 8.673) should be both an intimate liberal-arts college on the undergraduate level and an all-encompassing university at the M.A. and Ph.D. levels. He takes great pride in the fact that "Yale is still small enough that every student and faculty member is known intimately by someone who is known intimately to me." Yale's faculty serves 3,000 fewer students, gives its undergraduates more attention than do Harvard's research-oriented professors. At the same time, Yale spends far more money on doctoral programs than does undergratuated Princeton. "We are trying to have it both ways," says Brewster.

Having it both ways is indeed expensive, and Yale's financial troubles lead Brewster to ruminate: "I not only live in a goldfish bowl, but I sometimes feel that someone is trying to poison the water." Since 1941, Yale's operating budget has risen from \$8,000,000 a year to more than \$84 million today. Brewster, after rejecting \$7,000,000 worth of departmental requests this year, figures that \$3,000,000 of that represents an "educational deficit" in delaying the improvement of some departments to what he considers "Yale's par." Even routine building maintenance, university supervisors say, is "five years behind": ten residential colleges, built 30 years ago, have never had major repair work.

To keep costs under control, Brewster in 1965 hired Howard T. Phelan, a hot-shot efficiency expert from Cambridge's Arthur D. Little Inc., a management consulting firm, as development director. Only 28 at the time, Phelan and a new treasurer, John E. Ecklund, 51, have recruited a team of young experts—a former comptroller at NBC, a director of New York's Compton Advertising Inc., an M.I.T. research director—to apply computers and systems analysis to Yale's finances. They now detail \$3,000 new budget items and manage to save Yale about \$1,000,000 a year. Says Phelan: "Kingman is committed to making this a showcase of how to run a university."

Innovative Investments. The Yale Corporation has been equally innovative in handling university investments. On the sound theory that the market value of Yale's \$448 million endowment is growing each year at a roughly predictable rate, it has agreed that there is no great risk in financing part of the gain from about one-fourth of the endowment to current expenses instead of adding it to the principal. Result: \$2,000,000 more that Yale can apply this year to operating expenses. University of Rochester President W. Allen Wallis, a business economist, considers the Yale policy "the most significant step taken in the financing of higher education" in recent years—and dozens

Which includes Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin, New York Mayor John Lindsay, Pan American World Airways Chairman Juan Trippe, Assistant Secretary of State William Bundy.

of colleges are asking Yale for details.

Brewster is aware that bold endowment use and tough cost accounting will not solve Yale's long-run problems nor those of other private colleges. In speeches across the U.S., he has been advocating a revolutionary way out. He would have all colleges charge students almost the full cost of educating them, which for Yale currently means \$5,520 per year. Students would borrow that amount, plus room and board charges, from the Federal Government and repay it throughout their lifetimes with an annual surcharge on their income taxes. The higher amount paid by those who earn more and live longer would offset those who are ill-paid or who die young. "It would not be resorted to except by those who needed it," Brewster explains, "and it would not cost more

BY B. B. B. B.



BREWSTER OFF TO VASSAR
Stimulation from the hurly-burly.

over the span of a generation than the society receives for its investment."

The plan intrigues some educators as a way to shift educational costs from hard-pressed parents to the generation that benefits. President Howard Johnson of M.I.T. calls it a "refreshing" approach but considers the lifetime debt "psychologically difficult," prefers some form of earlier payback. The Ford Foundation's Marshall Robinson frets about the threat of a "reverse dowry," when a woman graduate of Vassar or Smith presents a lifetime tax bill to her husband.

Efficiency & Self-Restraint. Whether or not they agree with Brewster's concept of loans for learning, college administrators desperately need to find new ways to stay solvent. There are some obvious possibilities. For one, colleges could easily become more efficient by better use of existing facilities and faculties, judicious expansion of student-teacher ratios, more independent study, televised lectures and programmed instruction. Despite a proliferation of intercollege "consortiums," there are still countless opportunities for

more cash-saving cooperation. Simple self-restraint is also sorely needed: the small liberal arts colleges need not try to become second-rate universities. The field of private philanthropy is still largely an untapped reservoir: only 23% of college graduates give to their alma mater; only 600 of the nation's 5,000 large companies give significantly.

Most private-college presidents candidly conclude, however, that the long-range answer is massive federal help. "The only place the money can come from is the Federal Government—that's inevitable," says Harvard President Nathan Pusey. Even the small colleges, concedes Mills President C. Easton Rothwell, "have passed the point of no return in their acceptance and dependence upon support from federal agencies." The only real argument about federal aid is how to get it without violating what Cornell's Perkins calls "our academic virginity"—an infringement of autonomy. The U.S. Senate passed a plan it died in a conference committee for reducing the federal income tax by as much as \$352 for parents with children in college—but some educators concede that tuition hikes would nullify the taxpayers' gain. Most prefer federal scholarships that a student could use at any school, public or private; some suggest additional grants to the school that the student selects. Almost everyone wants federal research support expanded in size, geographical spread and subjects covered. Perkins predicts that by 1970 an independent education—controlled commission will even be channeling federal funds directly to institutions for general operating use.

Good v. Bad. Whatever the final prescription to cure the college cash ailments, it will be certain to drastically reshape U.S. higher education. As undergraduates gain a new mobility to go where the teaching is best, inferior schools will have to merge or die. As state universities seek ever more private dollars and private schools rely ever more on Government funds, the distinction between public and private education will blur. This does not bother Harvard's Pusey, who insists that "the distinction between public and private is pretty nonsensical—the important distinction is between the good schools and the bad schools."

No one wants the distinction blurred completely, since private education has traditionally pioneered new paths of learning, and by its example, has helped public universities fight for their own freedom. No educator is more dedicated to the preservation of the best values of the private university than Kingman Brewster. "Yale," he says, is free to "make up its own mind about what a good education is and hope that it is right, the profession will come around." Full of faith in both Yale and the U.S., he is optimistic about the future. "I cannot believe," he says, "that the nation will allow the great private institutions to go to the wall."

KUDOS

Round 3

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FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

The Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, U.D., president of the University of Notre Dame.

William Schuman, L.H.D., composer, president of Manhattan's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

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John K. Galbraith, D.H.L., economist.

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Walt W. Rostow, U.D., Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Marianne C. Moore, D.H.L., poet.

OBERLIN COLLEGE

Rudolf Serkin, D.Mus., pianist.

TEMPLE UNIVERSITY

Anna Moffo, D.Mus., soprano.

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Modest, Mixed, but Unmistakable

Even as their sales figures plummeted with last winter's temperatures, optimists among the nation's automakers cling to the prediction that 8,300,000 cars would be sold in the U.S. in 1967. This would make it the third best year in history, after 1965's record 9,300,000 sales and last year's 9,000,000. All that was needed, Detroit figured, was a springtime upturn in sales. This month, with spring in its waning days, something of the sort was finally evident.

First came the news that industry sales in May, with General Motors and Chrysler both registering gains, were up 7% over May 1966, the first month this year that Detroit has bettered year-earlier performances. Last week, Ford got into the act, announcing that its sales during June's first ten days were a whopping 21% ahead of the same period last year. With Chrysler again advancing (though General Motors slipped slightly), overall industry sales in early June were 4% better than last year's pace. Said Ford Division General Manager M. S. McLaughlin: "This is the turn-around we have been expecting."

Modest and mixed though it may be, the improvement was especially welcome, since the downturn that had been hurting Detroit seemed not to affect imports. In fact, sales of foreign-made autos are running 14% ahead of last year, when a record 658,000 imports were sold in the U.S., and foreign automakers now expect to sell better than 700,000 cars by year's end. The likelihood of an import record is even more remarkable since Volkswagen, though still accounting for well over half of all imports, is selling no more cars in the U.S. than it did last year.

Pleasant Headache. But impressive gains are being scored by others, as evidenced by the No. 2 import, West Germany's G.M.-made Opel, which has sold 21,000 cars in the U.S. so far this year, almost double last year's pace. Partly accounting for the foreigners' success is the fact that most have escaped the adverse safety publicity that has plagued domestic carmakers. When Washington's new safety standards take effect on 1968 models, however, the tables are likely to be turned. *Automotive News* recently reported that ten foreign makers may have to drop out of the U.S. market because their share of sales does not justify the expense of meeting the new standards.

For their part, U.S. manufacturers are eager for the 1968 model-year changeover. Because of the recent sales upturn, the number of new cars remaining in showrooms should be at a manageable level when 1967-model production ends this summer. Indeed, so low have inventories shrunk already—Oldsmobile's F-85, for example, now has

only a 28-day supply—that Detroit actually anticipates a newer, more pleasant headache. Even before 1968 models come out, manufacturers may actually run out of some 1967 models.

ADVERTISING

New Boss for the Biggest

In its 104 years of existence, J. Walter Thompson Co., the world's largest advertising agency, has had exactly three chief executives—J. Walter Thompson, Stanley Resor and Norman H. Strouse. Last week Thompson's board of directors elected a fourth, Strouse, who has held the job for seven years, will retain his title of chairman, but he will give

Be Told; when television arrived, he and *We the People* went video.

In 1950, he went over to Madison Avenue. For five years he was with Young & Rubicam, selecting shows to suit the sponsors. In 1955 he moved to Thompson, which, in spite of its size, had been slow getting into the enormous new field of TV. Seymour reorganized the radio-TV department, was the agency's show shopper. He did so well that he soon had a hand in all of the agency's activities. Thus, after Stanley Resor died and Strouse was left alone to run the shop, Seymour was a natural choice for president.

Globe-Girdling. "I suppose," says Seymour of his rise and latest honor,



WITH AUNT JENNY (1938)



SEYMOUR AT WORK

Tales of goodness, sales of goods.

up day-to-day details to devote himself to long-range planning and industry speechmaking. Succeeding him as boss of the biggest, broad-shouldered Dan Seymour, 53, who has been JWT's president for the past three years.

Martian Invaders. Seymour's election was noteworthy in another sense. Traditionally, ad-agency heads have come, as did Strouse, from the ranks of account executives. But Seymour emerged from the world of radio-TV, and had already had a successful 15-year career as performer, producer and director before he switched. He began as a radio announcer in Boston after graduation from Amherst ('35), soon moved to New York and network broadcasting. Seymour was the announcer who, in Orson Welles' famous 1938 radio drama, "War of the Worlds," terrified listeners with realistic bulletins on Martian invaders. Until World War II, he was the Danny who used to visit soap opera's Aunt Jenny to listen to her sudsy tales of goodness. He was also the producer and M.C. of *We the People*, produced the wartime radio series *Now It Can*

that "my being chosen is a reflection of the change in the advertising business. With radio and television becoming so important, there is a greater chance for people experienced in these fields to rise to the top." Seymour's top is a pretty lofty place. J. Walter Thompson has worldwide billings of \$558 million, and its list of clients reads like a blue book: Ford Motors, Liggett & Myers, RCA, Pan American, Eastman Kodak, Irving Trust Co., Scott Paper, Kraft Foods. So solid is the agency's work that some clients have been with it for generations. Libby, McNeill & Libby has been a customer since 1897, and Lever Bros. appeared in 1902.

Many of Thompson's clients have gone or are going global, and J. Walter Thompson is globe-girdling with them. The agency has offices in 26 countries, gets 36% of its billings from abroad. But overseas advertising has a still greater potential and one Seymour assignment will be to realize it. Another task is as old as the business, and Seymour states it simply: "To make sure that our advertising sells goods."

Did you know Textron is also Speidel?



And Speidel is the leading name in watchbands. Its new Romunda® combines the look of leather with the comfort and long life of its famous Twist-O-Flex® watchbands.

CORPORATIONS

Broodening the Rails

Ben W. Heineman, the pleasant, pensive chairman and chief executive of the Chicago & North Western Railway, has a talent for the unexpected. Such as making money on commuters: the C. & N.W., with a profit of \$2,000,000 from its Chicago short-haul service last year, is one of the few U.S. railroads that earned money on that kind of traffic. Or accomplishing unlikely mergers: in a recent move that caught Wall Street by surprise, Heineman announced that for cash and stock exchanges totaling \$367 million, the C. & N.W. was acquiring Essex Wire Corp. (annual sales: \$375 million), a Fort Wayne, Ind. firm that makes wire, cable, switches and auto parts in 54 U.S. and Canadian plants. The railroad seems to be getting a bargain. Essex itself last week announced that it was acquiring Stevens Manufacturing Co. and Boyne Products, Inc., both of them small manufacturers of control devices.

Nonseasonal Pattern. Heineman's aim, like that of other progressive railroaders, is to diversify away from an essentially cyclical and undependable base. "We want to offset the weaknesses of the railroad," he says, "with the strength of other companies. In many respects, they're close to the consumer, while the railroad is not. And they operate on a nonseasonal pattern." Last winter, for instance, the normally profitable C. & N.W. suffered so much from wind and weather that it reported a \$1,400,000 first-quarter loss on rail operations. But as the result of an earlier acquisition, the consolidated balance looked better. Velsicol Chemical Corp. and smaller Michigan Chemical Corp., acquired by the C. & N.W. two years ago for \$90 million, reported quarterly earnings of \$5,300,000 on sales of \$21.6 million. With this help, C. & N.W. overall profits for the first quarter were \$2,700,000.

Once Heineman has formally absorbed Essex Wire, he intends to run it and its acquisitions the way he runs Velsicol—not very tightly. "They don't know anything about the chemical business," says Velsicol President Norman F. Hathaway, 47. "And we don't know anything about the railroad business." Reinforced by the C. & N.W.'s prestige and borrowing power, Hathaway is largely left to manage the chemical operation in his own fashion.

Profit, Not Bigness. So far Hathaway, who came to Velsicol two years ago, has outperformed his leader. When he arrived, Velsicol already had superior research facilities and a broad line of agricultural and industrial chemicals and resins. But it was family-owned and vertically run, suffered from sluggish marketing. Hathaway horizontalized operations: he split the company into three domestic and two international divisions and set higher sales targets. "We're reaching for \$100 million," he says, "but



HATHAWAY & HEINEMAN
Each leaves the others alone.

\$200 million in sales is proper for a structure of this size, and \$800 million is about maximum. Our objective is not to be the biggest chemical company, just the most profitable."

Hathaway's rising profits will continue to drop into the C. & N.W. pocket, where Heineman will undoubtedly put them to further use. "I have every expectation," says he, "that we will expand." Not the least promising expansion area is that old cyclical railroad business itself. The C. & N.W. already has ICC permission to merge with the smaller Chicago Great Western, and Heineman is dickering to include the Milwaukee Road and the Rock Island in his increasingly profitable network.

FOOD

Laird of the Epicurean Manner

"I was brought up on S.S. Pierce's groceries," remarked Oliver Wendell Holmes a century ago when a rival merchant sought the patronage of that autocrat's famous breakfast table, "and I don't dare change." A bulwark of proper Bostonian life for most of its 136 years, the *haute cuisine* grocery chain has long filled an epicurean niche in U.S. gastronomy. With its own coat of arms adorning a distinctive red label on canned goods, and the largest line (5,000 items) of privately packed fancy foods in the world, S.S. Pierce sells its delicacies not only through eight New England stores of its own but also through 3,500 distributors across the U.S. and by mail order worldwide.

Last week tradition-loving Bostonians could hardly believe the news. Stockholders of the family-owned firm had just agreed to sell it (for some \$10 million cash) to Laird Industries Inc., a newly formed subsidiary of Laird & Co., the New York stockbrokerage and investment banking house. Though Laird plans to keep the famous grocery line



WILLIAMS & CHAIRMAN PIERCE
Bostonians could hardly believe it.

—and stylish manner—it will install as new president and chief executive Roger D. Williams, 42, former executive vice president of Rheingold Breweries. S.S. Pierce President Wallace L. Pierce, 55, a great-grandson of the founder, will stay on as chairman.

Ostrich Eggs & Vanilla Beans. When Founder Samuel Stillman Pierce opened his first store in Boston in 1831, he vowed: "I may not make money, but I shall make a reputation." He made both, partly by provisioning Yankee clipper ships for ocean voyages and partly by coddling his celebrity customers (among them: John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster). In later years, the company hired horse-drawn sleighs to deliver groceries when snowstorms closed roads to auto traffic, and maintained a well-drilled corps of salesmen who would phone housewives at appointed hours. They not only suggested menus but answered such arcane questions as how to cook an ostrich egg (boil it) or how to extract the flavor from a 6-in. vanilla bean (bury a 1-in. cutting from the bean for a month in a pound of sugar). Once when a hostess in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., complained that a case of turtle soup had not arrived, a Pierce salesman took an overnight train to deliver it in person—just in time for her party.

Today, though the company shies away from such freak items as smoked whale steak and chocolate-covered ants, its goodies run the gamut from terrapin stew to mushrooms grown in Parisian caves and frozen *enquilles St-Jacques* in real shells. Its private brand of Kentucky bourbon is a best seller in New England. Despite its gourmet eminence, S.S. Pierce ran into trouble when supermarkets began stocking rival specialty foods to lure the well-to-do. Sales have stagnated around \$35 million a year for a decade, and profits have lately dwindled to the vanishing point. In-

coming President Williams hopes to beef up merchandising, tighten up controls on distribution, expand outside New England. All that makes outgoing President Pierce beam. "The market is there," says he, "it we get off our duffs. But we couldn't continue to carry the costs of operating alone."

RETAILING

Store with Its

Heart in Its Work

Hungarian Immigrant Morris Rich was a naturalized optimist. Who else would have opened a dry goods store in devastated Atlanta, Ga., in the grim postwar year of 1867. Yet even Rich would be amazed to see how far his "M. Rich Dry Goods Store" has come. Last week, presiding over its centennial-year annual meeting, Grandson Richard H. Rich, 65, the present chairman and chief executive, ticked off statistics. Rich's last year rang up sales of \$148 million for a 12.9% gain over the previous year (v. 3% for U.S. retailers in general) and showed earnings of \$14-450,000. Return on equity was a solid 13.6%. And with operations outgrowing its main store and five branches, Rich's is about to undertake a ten-year \$115 million building program, in which it will enlarge three branches, build four more and open for business in Macdon and Augusta.

With the new stores, Rich's within the next decade expects to double sales that have already doubled in the past ten years or so. Rich's now outsells any department store south of New York City and east of St. Louis. "We do a big high-fashion business and a big bargain-basement business," says Dick Rich, "and we try to catch everything in between as well." "In between" represents about 60% of the purchases made by the 75,000 customers who crowd into Rich's stores on an average day. Although most are Atlantans, Rich's considers nine Southeastern states as its secondary market; it is not unusual for housewives from Tennessee or North Carolina to fly in for a day's shopping.

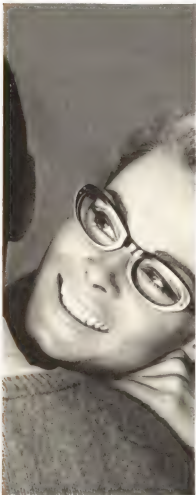
Despair of Others. Rich's forte, and the despair of other merchants, is the lavish credit and exchange policy that has made it as much an Atlanta institution as Scarlett O'Hara. "The customer is never wrong," is a Rich's policy, and on that friendly basis the store goes to the improbable length of accepting any merchandise returns—even if they were bought at another store. Once, for example, Rich's exchanged hundreds of pairs of defective nylons of a brand it did not stock. A clerk at a rival store, according to a popular Atlanta story, was arrested for buying merchandise on an employee discount and exchanging it at Rich's at full price. A bride's mother who complained that a Rich's wedding cake came with yellow layers instead of the white she had ordered got another cake, even though her guests had

Did you know Textron is also Townsend?



And Townsend is holding things together on the moon. The Surveyor spacecraft, shown in earth test, is constructed with Townsend's super light Cherrylock® rivets. The Surveyor's solar power cells were built by another Textron company, Heliotek.

Did you know Textron is also Shuron Con- tinental?



And Shuron/Continental's sales increased more than 20% last year, helped by computer-designed lenses and new high-fashion frames like the Golliwog.



RICHARD RICH ON THE COURT

Patience when the peach crop failed, already consumed the first. Not surprisingly, Rich's return rate is 14% of sales, the highest in the country.

Similarly, Rich's seldom duns its 450,000 charge customers for payment. "Our theory," explains Rich, "is that 95% of the people are honest, and we're not going to discommodore 95 people to root out the other five." Established in the days when Southerners paid their bills once a year when the cotton "came in," Rich's credit department patiently lets people pay when they can, never tacks on service charges. In 1951, when Georgia's peach crop was ruined by cold weather, the store ran a full-page ad in the Atlanta Constitution. It showed an empty peach basket and noted: "Rich's understands. Rich's can wait."

Generous to Each Other. The store takes such attitudes, says Dick Rich, because "this community has been very good to us." Rich's is rather generous to the community in return. When Atlanta had to pay its schoolteachers in scrip during the Depression, Rich's exchanged the scrip for money. When the Winecoff Hotel burned in 1946 with the loss of 119 lives, Rich's handed out free clothes to survivors and provided shrouds for the dead. Atlanta's biggest Christmas tree is a 60-tooter atop the four-story Forsyth Street bridge connecting Rich's two downtown buildings. Last year 200,000 people turned out for the lighting ceremonies.

Like his store, Chairman Rich works hard for Atlanta, spends a third of his time on civic projects. Fittingly, for a man who keeps in trim with swimming and tennis at his Northwest Atlanta home, Rich helped build the new Atlanta stadium that lured major-league baseball and football to the city. He is currently chairman of the Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority and chairman of a group erecting a new cultural center. The Rich Foundation, which he supervises, has so far spent \$1,500,000 on good works around Georgia. "We hope," he says simply, "that Rich's stands for a very human attitude." Atlantans agree that it does.

EXECUTIVES

Goodbye, Academe

Many college presidents are one part educator and three parts corporate executive—and in his 17 years as president of the University of Delaware, Dr. John A. Perkins, 52, has combined the duties well. Delaware had 4,000 students at all levels when he came; today it has 11,000. Perkins increased the university's physical plant from \$15 million worth of buildings to \$66 million, increased the library's book collection from 155,000 volumes to half a million, quintupled research funds, lured more faculty members with doctorates and found time to spur on a winning football team.

Such corporate ability is bound to attract attention outside academe. Last week Perkins submitted his resignation to Delaware's board of trustees, announced that in September he will become president of Dun & Bradstreet, Inc., where he will serve under Chairman and Chief Executive J. Wilson Newman.

Perkins will find Dun & Bradstreet as complicated as a multiversity. The mainstay of the 126-year-old firm is still its credit-reporting service, whose 80,000 subscribers can get a rating on any of 3,000,000 firms. Dun & Bradstreet also publishes magazines, including *Dun's Review*, turns out Moody investors' manuals, is involved in plant-location studies through its recent acquisition of the Fantus Co. The Reuben H. Donnelley Corp., another subsidiary, puts out such bibles as telephone books and the *Official Airline Guide*. The parent company also operates a mutual fund, Moody's Fund, Inc., will open up a second this week known as Moody's Capital Fund. Altogether, Dun & Bradstreet's gross income last year was \$210 million, which is a lot more than most university presidents get to handle.



PERKINS ON CAMPUS
As complicated as a multiversity.




join the swingers

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

**What's so improbable
about Alcoa analyzing
a mincemeat pie?**

Nothing! We analyzed hundreds of frozen pies just to prove a point: that our new radial-ribbed pie plate distributes heat more evenly than its flat-bottomed sisters. Result? Pies with completely baked bottoms, no burnt edges and no mushy interiors. Alcoa spends a lot of time talking to housewives and bustling around in the test kitchen. That's why we took the wrinkles out of frozen dinner trays... formed individual meat, vegetable and

fish containers that can be popped directly into the oven, dropped into boiling water or fried on the front burner... and developed new Alcoa® Aluminum foil packages that keep the crrrrunch in snack  foods for a long, long time. Why do improbable ideas come true at Alcoa? Because when it comes to new uses for aluminum in any industry, we begin by believing, and finish by proving, through total involvement.

**Change for the better with
Alcoa Aluminum**

 **ALCOA**



WORLD BUSINESS

BANKING

The Basel Club

Among the world's temples of high finance, none has risen to such eminence in such an unpretentious way as the Switzerland-based Bank for International Settlements. Its five-story, stone-faced headquarters, sandwiched between a tourist agency and a watch shop across from the railway station in Basel, still looks like the second-class hotel it once was. Travelers who often enter its musty lobby hoping to change their money find neither tellers nor vaults nor any cash at all. The B.I.S. keeps elsewhere its \$1 billion gold hoard and \$1.7 billion in other assets, for it is primarily a nerve center for its eight member central banks.

Last week more than 200 of the world's top money men from three continents gathered in the former hotel for the bank's 37th annual meeting. They came not so much for the brief formal session (at which President Jelle Zijlstra of The Netherlands Bank was elected B.I.S. president to succeed his retiring fellow countryman, Marius Holtrop) as for the two preceding days of frank talk behind closed doors about monetary problems. "You save two weeks of travel in Europe by coming here," explained Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin, who led the U.S. contingent.

The world's intricate system of monetary cooperation, which has made pos-

sible the West's surge of prosperity since World War II, depends on trust and teamwork among central bankers. Perhaps more than any other institution, the B.I.S. helps knit such personal ties. In addition to the work sessions last week, there were teas, cocktail parties, receptions and dinners for delegates and their wives—and the traditional gourmet stag lunch at Basel's venerable Schützenhaus restaurant. "The B.I.S.," says Economist Robert Triffin, Yale's famed international monetary expert, "is partly a country club and partly a church—to maintain the dogma of central-bank independence from governments."

Dutch Uncle. B.I.S. directors—among them central-bank governors from Britain, West Germany, France, Italy, The Netherlands, Belgium, Sweden and Switzerland—confer monthly at Basel with emissaries from nonmembers U.S., Canada and Japan. That inner ring forms what financiers have dubbed "the Basel Club": eleven men whose banks control three-quarters of the world's gold and currency reserves. Originally set up in 1930 to handle reparations payments from World War I, the B.I.S. gained stature chiefly after the mid-'50s as European currency controls ended. From the regular meetings in Basel sprang such innovations as currency swaps, by means of which central bankers again and again have defeated speculators against the British pound, and the European gold pool, which has kept the price of the yellow metal stable for seven years (and did so once again during the Middle East crisis). Though the International Monetary Fund boasts vastly greater resources, the Basel Club's ability to provide a wobbly national currency with almost instant credit is often more decisive in forestalling economic panic.

The bank's annual report, largely written by U.S. Economist Milton Gilbert, not only commands enormous respect among money men but often talks like a Dutch uncle to errant governments. Last week, for example, it skewered the U.S. and West Germany for forcing central banks to do the dirty work in restraining inflationary 1966 economies. Rapping Washington for "the indecisive way" in which it dealt last year with the question of raising taxes, the report said: "There is nothing wrong with the 'new economics.' The trouble was the failure to act promptly and effectively."

Defying Parkinson. Quaintly enough, the B.I.S. keeps its books in nonexistent gold Swiss francs—which disappeared with devaluation in the '30s. But



MONEYMEN OUTSIDE RESTAURANT
Saving two weeks of travel.

its profits are real: \$16 million last year—partly from lucrative investments, partly from buying and selling gold and foreign currencies for its members. Among other accomplishments, the bank has also managed to defy Parkinson's law. Despite a vast increase in its responsibilities, the B.I.S. staff has grown only 5% (to 206 employees) since the bank's birth.

GREECE

Litton Takes Charge

Zorba the Greek was a splendid hero, but when he tried his hand at lignite mining he was a disaster. That's the way economic things go in Greece, a country that has an annual per-capita G.N.P. of only \$530 and ranks as one of Europe's least-developed areas. Hoping to change that situation at long last, the Greek government has now turned to a more modern type of hero for a helping hand: California's versatile Litton Industries, Inc.

Litton has been asked to plan and largely supervise an \$830 million program to develop tourism, industry and agriculture in the western Peloponnese and on Zorba's own picturesque island of Crete. A contract signed last month makes Litton the consultant and fund raiser for the first \$240 million and 3½ years of the program, with management of subsequent projects to be decided later.

For Crete, Litton's plan includes raising tourist capacity from 60,000 to 620,000 people, irrigating 60,000 acres of the Messara Plain, developing mines and industry so as to increase employment by 72%. In the western Peloponnese, Litton proposes that Greece increase the number of hotel beds from 1,000 to 50,000, build three new airports, develop five industrial centers and five har-



B.I.S. HEADQUARTERS IN SWITZERLAND
Part country club, part church.

horse, and transform Olympia into some sort of Greek Disneyland.

Profitable for Both. Greek leaders admitted that, left on their own, they just could not do the job. But it took a military coup to end more than two years of negotiations and political bickering over the terms of the contract. "We're not just altruistic businessmen," says a Litton executive. "We hope to make it profitable for them and for us. If we are successful, it will improve the standard of living in Greece, it will bring us more income, and in the end it will mean more business for us."

Litton opened its Athens headquarters this week, ready to work on a cost-plus-11% fixed-fee basis (costing Greece some \$3,000,000 a year) and a 1.9% to 2.5% commission on capital it raises for the program. This would come to less than one-quarter of 1% of Litton's sales, which amounted to \$1.2 billion last year. But the Greek venture could be a pilot for applying Litton's systems engineering to similar projects abroad. Already in the works: a deal with Lisbon for joint development of Alentejo, a region in central and southern Portugal. Says Litton Chairman Tex Thornton: "We're using Greece and Portugal as sort of guinea pigs."

BRITAIN

A Knock at Metal Box

Considering its position as the world's largest producer of metal containers, American Can Co. remains understandably red-faced over its abortive 1929 attempt to set up shop in Britain. That year the company established a British subsidiary—only to meet with an unexpected fate. Joining forces to fend off the challenger, British container companies merged into what came to be known as Metal Box Co. Ltd. and enlisted the technical assistance of American Can's chief U.S. rival, Continental Can Co. The combination proved so power-

ful that American Can, badly beaten, sold its local operations to Metal Box in 1931, agreed not to return to Britain for at least 20 years.

Metal Box has since grown into a \$408 million-a-year company with 40 plants in the United Kingdom, 32 more in Africa, Asia, Italy and the West Indies. Still working closely with Continental Can, the company has diversified into container products ranging from cardboard boxes and packaging labels to polyethylene bottles and aerosol valves. But it is on the tin cans used for food, beer and soft drinks that Metal Box truly thrives. Thanks to high-powered marketing, the company accounts for 90% of Britain's food-can sales, has just announced record pretax profits of \$38.1 million over the past fiscal year.

Undaunted by all that, American Can is trying again. Last February the \$1.4 billion-a-year U.S. company shelled out \$3.3 million to buy 60% control of Liverpool-based Reads Ltd., Metal Box's only real competitor. Holding out a 40% interest is the hoary textile-making firm of Courtaulds Ltd., which was soundly routed by Metal Box after acquiring Reads in 1959. Under Courtaulds, Reads has turned profits on such lines as steel drums and paint cans, but lost heavily on food and beverage tins. With the arrival of American Can, the company is embarking on a five-year, \$14 million expansion program in hopes of improving its fortunes.

Recalling American Can's earlier entry into the British market, David Ducat, 63, who becomes Metal Box's chairman next month, says gingerly that "Some people never learn." But Ducat knows well that the U.S. rival has the resources and know-how to make a sustained effort. Indeed, most Britons are expecting a lively battle, figure that Metal Box may even have to resort to some unaccustomed pricecutting to meet the new competition. "Metal Box's profitable monopoly," says London's Observer, "is bound to take a knock. By how much is another matter."

FRANCE

A Troubled Economy

For months now, a creeping economic malaise has been afflicting the French economy. Unemployment stands at its highest in a decade, while first-quarter industrial production fell 1.6% from a year earlier. Worst of all, the country's fifth five-year economic plan—now half completed—appears to be something of a bust. As Finance Minister Michel Debré admitted last week: "It seems that this year the objective of the plan will not be attained."

The French blame their woes on declining foreign sales, especially to deflated West Germany, which in the past has absorbed up to 23% of France's exports, but in the first quarter of 1967 dropped to about 21%. Overall, between 1962 and 1966 France's exports



DEBRÉ

"The objective will not be attained."

were up 59%, while imports rose 72%. De Gaulle's Common Market deficit alone was \$245 million.

Earlier this month the government announced a series of deflationary measures aimed at perking up the economy. Mandatory deposits on new cars are to be lowered from 25% to 20%; finance companies can increase lending capacity by 10%; the building sector, hardest hit of all, will be stimulated by a variety of credit improvements. In addition, a three-year-old price freeze on industrial products will be reduced and export incentives increased. If exports increase, these measures may help bring the budget closer to balance—a hope to which the French always cling. Analysts reckon that the deficit will grow to \$1.2 billion by year's end against a \$24 billion budget.

There is every reason to believe that France's economic ailments go deeper than the proposed cures would suggest. A full one-third of France's industry is quasi-government controlled, and its 160 state-owned companies piled up deficits of \$1.1 billion in 1966. Uninspired management, crushing labor disputes and general inefficiency are the rule. These stigmas—plus the fact that taxes gobble 45% of the national product—give French industry the lowest profit margins in the West.

French consumers understandably have exhibited little confidence in the economy. Demand has risen only 5% in twelve months, and 100,000 recently constructed apartments remain vacant. Nor have recent government pronouncements led consumers to believe in a brighter future. Earlier this month—concurrent with news of the reflation plan—was word that Paris Métro and bus fares would be boosted by 60%. Railway fares will be increased as well. The week before, Frenchmen learned that social security, which absorbs almost a third of the nation's taxes, has a budget deficit that has grown from \$400 million to \$600 million in one year.



DUCAT

"Some never learn."

Think you've got
Textron down pat?
What about
electronic-systems,
golf cars,
helicopters,
chain saws...



Bell Aerosystems' ACV
that skims over land and
water on a cushion of air.

We could take up this page listing the products of our 28 companies. But more important than what we make is how we operate.

We found that many smaller companies could become more efficient and competitive if they were backed with the financial and planning resources of a large corporation. That's what Textron gives them. We leave the day-to-day running of these companies to the men who've been doing it for years. The men with close-to-the-customer insight.

This new kind of multi-market company structure makes for quick response to technological change. It spurs long range planning and new product development. And it puts money wherever it will best work for the shareholder.

Return on our shareholders' investment reached a record 19.1% last year. Sales exceeded \$1 billion, with 80% of last year's increase coming from internal growth.

Our annual report tells the story.

textron

A New Kind of Company

Providence, Rhode Island



The Dreyfus Fund is a mutual investment fund in which the management hopes to make your money grow, and takes what it considers sensible risks in that direction. Your securities dealer or his mutual fund representative will be happy to give you a prospectus.



MILESTONES

Married. Jacqueline Du Pré, 22, Britain's ample (5 ft. 9 in.), exuberant mistress of the cello; and Daniel Barenboim, 24, her occasional concert partner; in Jerusalem, after Jacqueline converted to Judaism.

Married. Floyd Little, 24, Syracuse's record-breaking, bowlegged halfback, a three-time All-American who will play next season with the Denver Broncos; and Joyce Lorraine Green, 19, stunning 1966 Syracuse homecoming queen; in Syracuse, N.Y.

Died. Eddie Egan, 69, the only U.S. athlete ever to win a gold medal in both summer and winter Olympics (as a light-heavyweight boxer in 1920 and a bobsledder in 1932), a dedicated lawyer and sportsman but easygoing administrator, who as head of the New York State Athletic Commission from 1945 to 1951 came under mounting attack for his ir-resolute manner in dealing with pro boxing scandals, and finally resigned; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Ernesto Cardinal Ruffini, 79, Archbishop of Palermo, Sicily, since 1945 and one of the most conservative of Roman Catholic prelates, a handsome, ascetic man who in 1959 spoke glowingly of Franco's Spain while threatening to excommunicate anyone who voted for Communist-backed candidates in Sicily's local elections, then was one of the leading conservative spokesmen within the Vatican Council, opposing the schema of religious liberty, liturgical reform, modern Biblical criticism, the declaration clearing the Jews of guilt for the Crucifixion; of a heart attack; in Palermo.

Died. Dr. Wolfgang Köhler, 80, one of the prime developers of Gestalt psychology, an Estonian-born scientist who spent eight years in the Canary Islands (1913-21) studying the behavior of chimpanzees, made important findings bolstering the Gestalt theory (that physiological impulses should not be treated as isolated phenomena but as interdependent parts of a complex system with properties of its own), wrote the classic statement of this theory (*Gestalt Psychology* 1929), then emigrated from Germany to the U.S. in 1935 to continue research as a professor at Swarthmore and later Dartmouth; of a heart attack; in Enfield, N.H.

Died. Rufus Wyszor, 81, a metallurgist who became president of Republic Steel in 1937, directing the company's wartime expansion, then resigned in 1945 to take on the formidable task of planning the revival of Germany's shattered steel industry, later went to Japan from 1947 to 1948 to do much the same job as a private consultant; of Parkinson's disease; at Sea Island, Ga.

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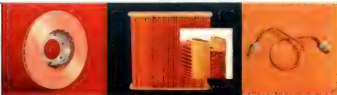
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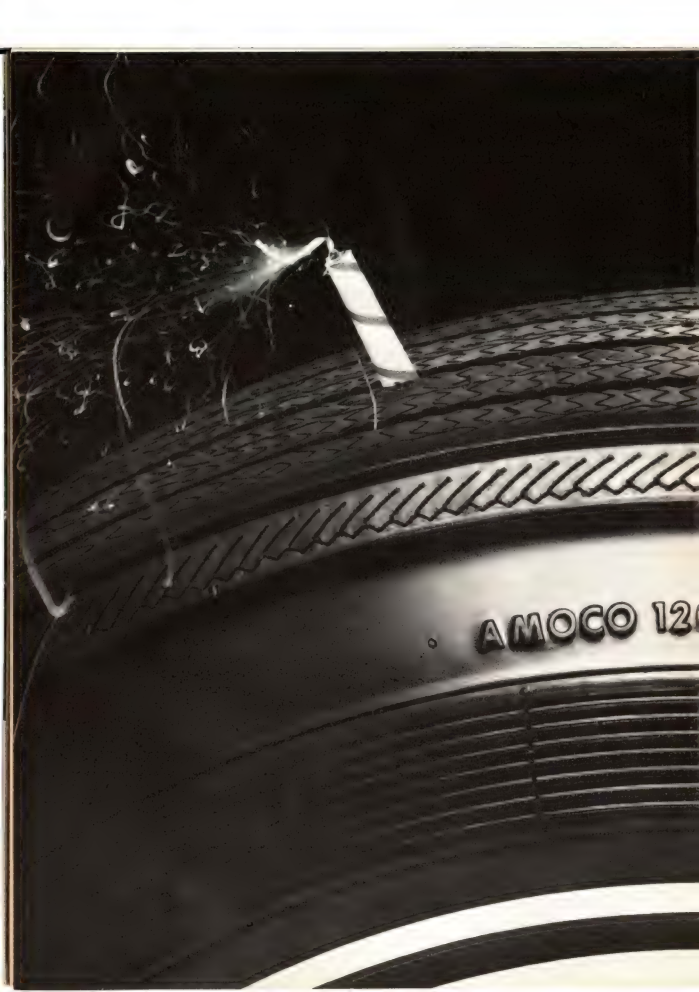
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CINEMA

Czech New Wave

Not too long ago, the idea of a Czechoslovak Film Festival would have seemed as unlikely as a yacht regatta in Peking. When Ján Kadár's *The Shop on Main Street* was shown at New York's Lincoln Center Film Festival in 1965, it had no U.S. theater bookings; neither did Miloš Forman's *Loves of a Blonde*, when it opened the festival the following year. *Shop* went on to win an Oscar as the year's best foreign-language film, while *Blonde*, accompanied by delighted reviews, eventually proved a profitable box-office success. Czech movies may soon be as much a staple on the art-house circuit as the effervescent outpourings of France's New Wave directors were a few years ago.

Last week, Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art opened its doors to the first American festival of Czechoslovak films—a moviegoer's feast of a dozen pictures never before shown in the U.S. Anxious to avoid their past neglect, commercial exhibitors snapped up five of them before the festival opened; more are almost certain to be booked. The distributors are making no mistake. Based on the festival evidence, it is clear that the Czech New Wave may soon reach tidal proportions. Four of the most interesting features:

Courage for Every Day. Two lovers meet on a hilltop. In a scene reminiscent of *Room at the Top*, the camera shows waves of grass rippling idyllically—then cuts to another angle to show the backdrop of an ugly industrial town behind them. The film message is that there is room at the bottom for workers who still believe in the drab clichés of doctrinaire Communism. As the film's central figure, Jan Kačer plays a slogan-spouting, blockheaded factory worker—a model product of the Stalinist old regime. Representing the newer, more relaxed style of Communism are his cheeky blonde mistress (Jana Brejchová) and an impudent young cynic (Josef Abrahám), who refuses to echo Kačer's unquestioning beliefs. A puritanical bore who turns off friends and fellow factory workers, Kačer is beaten in a beer hall by resentful colleagues, ultimately comes to realize that his pompous pronouncements can no longer be the life of the Party. Obviously influenced by the early Antonioni, Director Evald Schorm, 36, shows his courage less in style than in subject matter. Because of his iconoclasm, the 1964 film was banned for export until recently.

The End of August at the Hotel Ozone is a shattering splice of life after the third World War. No one is left alive except eight young women and one old one (Beta Poničanová), who wander like nomads over the sere landscape. The nubile girls have never seen a man; their leader can scarcely remember what one looks like. Equipped with some of the trappings of the defunct

civilization—tin cans, rifles, combat boots—they live like savages, telling the years by counting the rings of a tree trunk, hunting by blasting fish out of the river water with grenades.

Quite by accident, they meet the last man on earth—an aged Adam, too feeble to father children. His prize possession is a windup Gramophone with one record, *Roll Out the Barrel*, a toy the girls covet. At his dwelling—the abandoned Hotel Ozone—the old lady enjoys one final, dreamlike dinner by candlelight. Then she dies, knowing that the race will die with her and with the girls she has overseen since their childhood. Her charges pack up to resume

The First Cry gains its greatest power when it abandons trickery and makes surprisingly caustic side excursions into everyday life in Czechoslovakia: the ugly racial prejudice that surfaces when a black African stays too long in a phone booth and precipitates a fight; the prudish moralism of a policeman who makes Abrahám turn the painting of a nude face down; the arrogance of a movie critic who puts down a "bourgeois Italian film" while ogling a couple of girls in bathing suits. Like many films about the young by the young, *The First Cry* counts somewhat less as a picture than as a promise.

The Daisies is a hippie's pipe dream that looks and sounds like something concocted by a den member of America's own underground cinema clique.



KARBONOVÁ IN "DAISIES"



PONIČANOVÁ (SECOND FROM LEFT) IN "OZONE"

Kafka pessimism, Harpo Marxism.

their wandering, and try to take the Gramophone with them. When the old man protests, they gun him down like an animal and resume their aimless journey. Director Jan Schmidt has given *Ozone* the spare style of a Kafka fable, abetted by Poničanová's tragic portrait of a woman who seems to be lifted directly from a Kollwitz engraving.

The First Cry owes much to the work of Alain Resnais. In such films as *Hiroshima Mon Amour* and *La Guerre Est Finie*, Resnais flashed back and forth between present and past, giving sense impressions that made the pictures considerably more than the sum of their parts. Jaromír Jirák, 31, who made *The First Cry* three years ago, tries the same technique with moderately interesting results. A young woman is awakened by labor pains. She arouses her husband (Josef Abrahám) and begins to recall their first meeting, the affair that followed, the marriage. Abrahám, a television repairman, takes her to the hospital, then goes on his rounds, gazing at the young with the fresh insight of a new father. In one sequence, as he watches schoolchildren make a game of an air-raid drill, his mind—and the camera—recall the real thing, complete with screaming jets and exploding bombs.

Made with a Marxism far less Karl than Harpo, the film is not about anything except itself. Two teen-age girls, labeled Marie I and Marie II (Jitka Čerhová and Ivana Karbonová), live like dolls, chattering and giggling, floundering about in their oversized bed, making a shambles of sets and sense. In scenes suffused with unearthly tints and shades, the girls attack each other with scissors and cut off each other's heads, wear butterfies instead of bikinis, eat food ads instead of food, swing from a chandelier over a banquet table they have just trampled into a mangled mess.

Pictorially, *The Daisies* is brilliantly audacious; nearly every moment is overlaid with iridescence and dazzling color combinations. In subject, unfortunately, it is little more than another of Dada's precocious offspring. The leaden symbolism of the girls snipping pickles, sausages and bananas is only one example of a script that has all the consistency of an amateur happening. Director Věra Chytilová views her film as social commentary: "A necrologue about a negative way of life." *The Daisies'* nose-thumbing dedication—"To all those whose indignation is limited to a smashed-up salad"—suggests that its real theme is absurdity.

BOOKS

Memoirs from Wilson Country

A PRELUDE: LANDSCAPES, CHARACTERS AND CONVERSATIONS FROM THE EARLIER YEARS OF MY LIFE by Edmund Wilson. 278 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$6.50.

GALAHAD and I THOUGHT OF DAISY by Edmund Wilson. 316 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.50.

When Edmund Wilson was starting out as a \$15-a-week reporter on the old New York Evening Sun, an editor rejected his first attempt at an editorial by chiding him: "You don't want to write like Dr. Johnson." The editor was obviously no judge of future men of letters. Today, 51 years and 33 books later,



EDMUND WILSON (1965)

Glinting shards from a world . . .

Wilson has in fact become something of a 20th-century Samuel Johnson.

Like Johnson, he is utterly professional, prolific and peripatetic. He is first of all a critic (*Axel's Castle*, *Patriotic Gore*) who transcends academic specialities with broad, humanistic learning and spirited eclecticism. He is also a journalist and essayist (*The Bit Between My Teeth*), an intellectual tourist (*Europe Without Baedeker*), a sociopolitical historian (*To the Finland Station*), and a fitfully effective poet, playwright and novelist (*Memoirs of Hecate County*). Through his weighty lucid sentences rumbles a Johnsonian authority whose trenchant insights are alloyed with grumpy good sense, and whose occasional wrongheadedness can be more interesting than many writers' pedestrian rightness.

At 72, Wilson says he has "got to the age now when people like to retell old jokes and anecdotes"—the perfect age, in other words, for his autobiography. *A Prelude* is the first installment. As readers of *The New Yorker* found when *A Prelude* ran this spring, Wilson's

memoirs have no narrative line, consist mainly of a string of entries from a journal he began keeping in 1914 "to catch *sur le vif* things that struck me as significant or interesting." Epigrams, verbal preening, a lexicon of slang, fugitive thoughts, reading lists, poems, stories—all are spread out like so many glinting shards of experience reclaimed from the time when both he and the century were young.

To help the reader sort these experiences, Wilson intersperses explanations, second thoughts, and pithy portraits of his family and friends. From these, the biographical outlines emerge: childhood in the enlightened Victorian household of a former New Jersey attorney general, a trip to Europe, education at the Hill Preparatory School in Pottstown, Pa., and at Princeton, Army service overseas in World War I.

But after annotating his early jottings, Wilson lets them stand, wisely refraining from trying to cover up their callowness. The medium—Wilson's younger, more romantic and hopeful self—is at least part of the message, which is that the cozy, cultivated world he grew up in "almost ceased to exist" after the war. Returning home from the service in 1919, he felt that "I had never quite believed in that world, that I had never, in fact, quite belonged to it. It now appeared to me too narrowly limited by its governing principles and prejudices." *A Prelude* is thus not only the scrapbook of a growing writer but also an American echo of Robert Graves's *Goodbye to All That*—the classic farewell to innocence and youth in the comfortable era before 1914.

Calvinists & Pygmies. It is also a rich source book for such early Wilson fiction as *Galahad* (1927) and *I Thought of Daisy* (1929), which are now reissued at his suggestion because of their close relation to his memoirs. Satirical glimpses of the repressive Calvinism at Wilson's prep school reappear in *Galahad*, a long short story about a student who is led to believe that there are only two ways of dealing with sexual desire: "to drown in the morass" or "to stay clinically pure." After his best friend's sister climbs into his bed one night, Galahad fails both ways, ends up a runaway from school, scorned by the girl.

Many more fragments of Wilson's Princeton, Army and New York City experiences are fitted into the background of *Daisy*, a novel about a plucky ex-chorus girl in Greenwich Village. "The narrator," explains Wilson in a preface, "is supposed to be a typical example of the American intellectuals of the '20s, who is always attempting to formulate an attitude toward life in the United States, and Daisy the American reality, which is always eluding his grasp." In five "symphonic" sections, Daisy moves through a succession of sexual partners intended as "pygmy specimens of familiar American types,"

while the narrator tries out various viewpoints—revolutionary, romantic, materialistic, metaphysical. Finally, in a passing moment of equilibrium, he connects with the common life through Daisy and achieves a state of mind that is "instinctive, democratic, pragmatic."

Both stories are intelligent and keenly observed—especially the boozy, raffish Village scenes in *Daisy*—but like most of Wilson's fictional life studies, they suffer from too much study and too little life. Their overall scheme is documentary: characters exist mainly to illustrate the scheme. What saves them from being mere period pieces is the fact that they are superior documentaries. The screen of analysis that Novelist Wilson throws up between the



AS PRIVATE (1917)

. . . to which he never quite belonged.

reader and the material may obscure the vital images of art, but it casts a reflection of a first-rate critical mind at work on part of an impressive American chronicle.

Nicolson II:

Diarist Triumphant

HAROLD NICOLSON: THE WAR YEARS, 1939-1945, VOL. II OF DIARIES AND LETTERS. Edited by Nigel Nicolson. 511 pages. Athlone. \$8.50.

"One should write one's diary for one's great-grandson," writes Sir Harold Nicolson in the diary he kept faithfully for 34 years of his active life as a prolific author and sometime Member of Parliament. "The purely private diary becomes too self-centred and morbid. One should have a remote, but not too remote, audience."

Nicolson, now 80, happily did not

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wait that long to publish his notes and letters. The first distillation of his lifetime of civilized observation and sensitive introspection, edited by his son Nigel (TIME, Jan. 6), covered the fitful prewar years 1930 to 1939. It established Nicolson as a brilliant Boswell to his age and his peers. This is the swift and welcome sequel, Caught up by "the cataclysm of history" that was Britain's role in World War II, Nicolson now surpasses his earlier performance.

His view of events, as a member of the government and as a backbencher, is middle-distance only, and so not always in perfect focus. The editor's footnotes correct the record where Sir Harold's information was faulty, or where a dinner anecdote is constructed out of whole cloth. But the diarist's perceptions of people, from Churchill to De Gaulle to a rising Tory named Harold Macmillan, are always close-up and marvelously crisp and sharp. And the mood of an embattled nation is mirrored in all its nuances through the changing fortunes of war.

Jewels & Diaries. As Hitler's armies first spill across the Continent, Nicolson departs for Britain, certain that the war cannot be won. Opposed to Chamberlain's appeasement, he describes one of the Prime Minister's speeches during which "Winston Churchill sat hunched beside him looking like the Chinese god of plenty suffering from acute indigestion." Even when Churchill becomes Prime Minister, Britain continues to suffer defeat after defeat. But, like the nation, Nicolson's spirits are somehow altered by the leadership of the man whom he admires more than anyone in the world. More than once, he recounts a day of disaster, only to end with a ringing, underlined, "We shall win!"

Much of Nicolson's charm lies in his candid humanity. He admits to finding exhilaration in the bombing of London; it is some slight compensation for the "dead weight on my life never to have known the dangers of the last war and never to have discovered whether I am a hero or a coward." When it appears that his wife will have to evacuate their Kentish country house, he advises her to load their Buick with two things: her jewels and his diaries. The Battle of Britain inspires unashamed pride: "I have always loved England. Now I am in love with England. What a people! What a chance! And the chance that we shall by our stubbornness give victory to the world."

Fine Retriever. At the same time, he has the intelligent man's impatience with much of the clap-trappings of war. "I notice that when we get on both sides of an enemy," he wryly notes, "that enemy is described as 'surrounded,' but when the enemy get on both sides of us, we are told that we have driven a 'wedge' between his two armies." When Hitler invades Norway, "the House is extremely calm and the general line is that Hitler has made a terrible mistake. I feel myself that I wish that we could



SIR HAROLD NICOLSON (1945)

Marvelous view from the middle distance.

sometimes commit mistakes of such magnitude."

The best of Nicolson remains his eye for the actors around him. Churchill, he tells the reader, cries often, and has a "strange" habit, when speaking to Parliament, of passing "his hands up and down from groin to tummy." Charles de Gaulle, observed in his London exile, has effeminate hands, lacking muscle and arteries in them, but already in 1941 is heard yelling "*France, c'est moi!*" at Nicolson in the Savoy Hotel. "His arrogance and fascism annoy me," writes Nicolson, "but there is something like a fine retriever dog about his eyes." Laborite Clement Attlee looks "like a snipe pretending to be an eagle." Anthony Eden is "fairly wobbling with charm." Lord Beveridge, father of the welfare state, looks "like the witch of Endor."

England was ruled—as it still is, though to a lesser extent—by a clubby elite. Nicolson's notes are full of first names and nicknames, and it is sometimes hard to tell whether he is talking about the Beestalk Club or the House of Commons. Mixed with his uncommon sensitivity to great events there is an uncommon delight in gossip. This does not diminish the worth of the book. If history, as Carlyle said, is really the biographies of great men, it is also their gossip.

Short Notices

THE KING by Morton Cooper. 433 pages. Bernard Geis Associates. \$5.95.

Readers will readily identify "the King," Singer Harry Orlando, as Frank Sinatra. With that discovery, all public interest in Morton Cooper's novel should wane—although it probably won't. The author and his publisher have aimed it confidently at the best-seller list, although Cooper's literary defects and unerring tastelessness would fill an office wastebasket. Orlando is an

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unmitigated bore tirelessly indulging his libido, yearning to become head of the White House's Cultural Exchange program—a prize ultimately denied him. The book is so bad that Bennett Cerf of Random House, who used to distribute books published by Bernard Geis, refused to handle it. Some say this happened because Cerf and Sinatra are friends. But Cerf has an even better reason. "This represents the sleaziest kind of publishing there is," he says: "Books that vilify a celebrity, living or dead, under the thinnest of fictional disguises. One or two such books have sneaked on our lists in past years." But as long as I'm here, I can promise it won't happen again."

SEVEN KINDS OF GOODNESS by Max Eastman 156 pages Horizon \$4.50

In his early days, Max Eastman was a fiery socialist editor (the *Masses*, *Liberator*), a dedicated sexual adventurer and a noisier defender of Communism. Since the 1940s, he has been a sometime roving editor for the *Reader's Digest*, a proclaimed expert on Russian skulduggery, and a boastful chronicler of his youthful capacity for hell-raising (*Love and Revolution*).

Since he is now 84, the title of this book might suggest that Eastman has finally turned to a contemplative study of morality. Not so. In writing these painfully simplistic essays on the lives of Buddha, Confucius, Moses, Socrates, Plato, Mohammed and Jesus, Eastman plainly still sees himself as an eternal Peck's Bad Boy gleefully provoking shrieks of outrage and accusations of heresy from the Yahoos. Mohammed, for example, was a "neurotic and savagely cruel old man," and Moses established a dictatorship "that for absolute control and bloody-handed cruelty has few rivals in history."

Eastman achieves the ultimate in bad taste in his essay on Jesus, whose strictures against fornication, he suggests, "must have been sustained by floridly passionate friendships among men." Says Eastman: "The picture of Jesus and his 12 male companions, one of them spoken of as 'the beloved disciple,' wandering about Palestine together, must ultimately provoke the interest of all inquiring psychologists." So would this book, if it were worth the trouble.

The Devil Is Alive And Hiding on Central Park West

ROSEMARY'S BABY by Ira Levin 245 pages Random House \$4.95

What's new on the best seller list these days? For one thing, there is an old-fashioned witches' tale in a modern cauldron. At the start of *Rosemary's Baby*, Author Ira Levin (who wrote the stage version of *No Time for Sergeants*

Among them last winter's *The Symbolist* by Abrahm Benson, a novel based on the life of Marilyn Monroe



What do you hear from the mob?

Nothing if you're deaf.

Not a note of Mozart's 38th Symphony. Not a rumble of Nietzsche's thundering prose. Not a word of a lecture on $E=mc^2$. Not a sound of Olivier's *Hamlet*.

But to learn is more than to hear.

To learn is to see. To feel. To smell. To taste. To train four good senses to handle the work of five.

To learn is also to go to an honest-to-goodness college.

With a campus, preferably festooned with ivy. Friendly kids: some deaf, most not. Picturesque professors. Parties. Ball games. Bull sessions. The works.

Whether you're deaf or not, you want a college where you can learn to do something that'll help earn you a buck.

And maybe even some of the things you can't put a price tag on.

Like how does a symphony "feel"? Where does philosophy hook onto my life? What comes after the physics formula? And why has crusty old *Hamlet* lived so long?

Soon there will be such a college.

A National Technical Institute for the Deaf. To be built on the new campus of Rochester Institute of Technology, Rochester, N.Y.

Because the United States government recognized a need. And selected RIT to do something about it. At once.

In 1969, the roar of motors and the clash of gears will stop. As the sound of building gives way to the sound of learning.

Then, along with his fellow RIT students, the NTID student will immerse himself in a curriculum that can give him everything he needs.

The technical knowledge that helps make a man a worker.

The humanistic knowledge that helps make a man a man.

ROCHESTER INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Rochester, New York



Chimbote, Peru



Chimbote, Peru two years after the Peace Corps

The Peace Corps doesn't work miracles. Don't expect any.

The work is hard, the hours long—but the progress is slow. Two years later not much has changed in Chimbote—on the outside.

Inside, a lot has changed.

A child learned the alphabet and pretty soon will know how to use it.

A soccer team was organized to ease some of the monotony, the soul crushing monotony of poverty. And they're winning.

A health clinic was started. Maybe it won't solve all the medical problems of Chimbote, but at least it's a start.

These aren't miracles—only a start. And for the Peace Corps Volunteers that follow, the job of easing this community into the twentieth century might be a little easier. These are things the picture can't show. If you think you can take on a job where progress is never too obvious, put yourself in the picture.

Write: The Peace Corps,
Washington, D. C. 20525.



and the mystery novel *A Kiss Before Dying*), sets the tone with the question "Is Satan dead?" He then proceeds to create suspense by operating on the theory that a little Catholic guilt can go a long way.

With the meticulousness of a ghoul in a catacomb, he establishes his heroine Rosemary as a lapsed Catholic. Her story begins when she and her ambitious actor-husband, Guy, take up residence in the Bramford, a prestigious and fabled apartment house on the West Side of Manhattan—a place obviously modeled after the proud, gloomy old Dakota, on Central Park West. One of the fables of the Bramford concerns the prevalence of witches there.

Rosemary and Guy, hip young sophisticates, scoff at such superstitious

DAVID GARD



MANHATTAN'S DAKOTA
A long way on a little guilt.

notions. And soon, in fact, Guy's acting fortunes are on the rise. But then, one by one, untoward events happen: a ghastly suicide, a sudden blindness, a paralytic coma. Dark signs and otherworldly hints occur: black candles, "tanis root" or Devil's Fungus, missing articles of clothing.

The real fun begins after Rosemary becomes pregnant. She firmly convinces herself that her neighbors are a coven of witches, that even her obstetrician is in league with them, and that they are casting their designs upon her baby-to-be for their own diabolical purposes. The plot hinges on whether Rosemary's fear is real or a fantasy twist brought on by her turning from the faith.

Everyone to his own religion. Levin seems to say, and worship of the Devil is one. Ultimately, there are two tests for any thriller or piece of horror fiction: 1) does the author play fair, yet come up with a shocker of a denouement? and 2) is the reader's willing suspension of disbelief rewarded with a final close-the-book aspiration of relief as he returns to his own world? Author Levin bats fifty-fifty. On the one hand, the ending of *Rosemary's Baby*, though inevitable, is flat; on the other hand, it is as unsettling as the first stirrings of a poison-ivy rash at the conclusion of a picnic.



The Hiram Walker distillery in Walkerville, Ontario, before the turn of the century.

Come to Canada. Celebrate the Canadian Centennial and visit EXPO 67. And, while you're there, stop by Walkerville, Ontario—home of one of the first Canadians—Canadian Club.



expo67

Canada has changed a lot in 100 years.

Canadian Club hasn't.

On July 1, 1867, the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were united. And Canada, much as we know it today, came into being. In the one hundred years since, the nation's growth has been dynamic, as a visit to EXPO 67 (the Montreal World's Exhibition) and the Canadian Centennial Celebration will show you.

The St. Lawrence Seaway, for example, is one of the most heavily trafficked inland waterways anywhere. A tour of Montreal reveals one of the most efficiently planned, yet beautiful cities in the world. And all through Canada you'll find art centers, museums and fine universities.

The people who make Canadian Club are proud to be part of this growing nation. But unlike Canada itself, Canadian Club hasn't changed a drop over these hundred years. It was first made in Walkerville (in what is now Ontario) and is still made only there. And it's still made in the same way that Mr. Hiram Walker created way back in 1858.

When you join the Canadians for their Centennial Celebration, why not visit the Hiram Walker distillery in Walkerville, near Windsor. We'll be delighted to take you on a free guided tour and show you how Canadian Club is made.


In the next hundred years Canada will change a lot more. But Canadian Club will be the same wonderful whisky that it has been since 1858. We wouldn't want it any other way.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 50 & 60 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.



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The longest length you can get in a filter cigarette.
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tastes milder than ever. And 7 minutes of Pall Mall quality
that can't be copied.

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